HOME AND SCHOOL LIBRARY

GINN & COMPANY

REDACTED
PUBLIC LIBRARY
FOUNDED 1953
LEVITTOWN PENNA.

EDINBURGH
Melrose to Edinburgh, 32 miles.
Melrose to Branksome, 15 miles.
Branksome to Carlisle, 35 miles.
Berwick
Tweed R.
Tweed
MELROSE
Kelso
Home Castle
ETTRICK FOREST
Newark Castle
Eildon Hills
R. Ingram
The Cheviot
Bow Hill
Riddel
Ale
Teviot
Jedburgh
Yarrow R.
Ettrick R.
St. Mary's Lake
Minto Crags
Hazeldean
Todshaw Hill
Thirlstane
Bellenden
Hawick
TEVIOTDALE
BRANKSOME (Castle)
Carter Fell
Penchrystal Pen
Shelfhill
Teviot R.
Esk R.
Hermitage
Liddel R.
ESKDALE
LIDDISDALE
Esk R.
Liddel R.
Tarras R.
Penton Linn
Liddel
CHEVIOT HILLS
NORTHUMBERLAND
ENGLAND
SOLWAY FIRTH
Esk R.
CUMBERLAND
CARLISLE
MATTHEWS, NORTHRUP & CO., ART-PRINTING WORKS, BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE

REGIONAL
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

A Poem, in Six Cantos.

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

EDITED BY

MARGARET ANDREWS ALLEN.

BOSTON, U.S.A.:
PUBLISHED BY GINN AND COMPANY.
1901

821
SC

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1887, by
MARGARET ANDREWS ALLEN,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

ELECTROTYPED BY J. S. CUSHING & CO., BOSTON.

21455

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE text of the poem has been carefully compared with various editions of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the earliest consulted being that of 1813. The notes are chiefly abridged from Scott's own, such only being used as are necessary to enable the reader to enjoy the poem understandingly.

The map gives the principal localities mentioned in the poem, with their relation to the more important cities, such as Edinburgh and Carlisle, and the adjacent counties of England.

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

CHARLES, EARL OF DALKEITH,

This Poem

IS INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR.

The Poem now offered to the public is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. The inhabitants, living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description of scenery and manners was more the object of the Author than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the ancient metrical romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude in this respect than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular poem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits an occasional alteration of measure, which, in some degree, authorizes the changes of rhythm in the text. The machinery also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a Poem which did not partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad, or Metrical Romance.

For these reasons, the Poem was put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel, the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the simplicity of his original model. The date of the tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied by the action is three nights and three days.

INTRODUCTION.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;

And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye —
No humbler resting-place was nigh;
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal-arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate, and massy bar,
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride;
And he began to talk, anon,
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,

37. **Duchess.** Anna, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient lords of Buccleuch and widow of James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

49. **Earl Francis.** Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father of the Duchess.

And of Earl Walter, rest him God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode;
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained;
The Aged Minstrel audience gained.
But when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied,
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain —
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;

50. **Earl Walter**. Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the Duchess.

He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court at Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled,
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

OUTLINE OF CANTO FIRST.

This canto opens with a description of life in Branksome Castle. Then it tells of the death of Branksome's chief, Lord Walter, who was slain by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh, shortly before the events of the poem are supposed to take place. His wife rules in his stead, as the Lady of Branksome, and brings to her aid the spirits of earth and air.

While her retainers are feasting in the great hall of the castle, the lady sits alone in "Lord David's western tower," listening to the mountain and river spirits, as they talk of the fate of her house as decreed by the stars. She learns that no good fortune will come to the house of Branksome, till she consents to the marriage of her daughter Margaret and Lord Cranstoun of Teviotdale, with whom her clan, the Scotts, have a feud.

Descending to the hall, where her little boy is playing among her retainers, she summons William of Deloraine, ordering him to ride on his swiftest steed to Melrose Abbey, and bring her the book of magic from Michael Scott's grave. She hopes by the powerful spells contained therein, to thwart the plans of the spirits of earth and air, and the fortune decreed by the stars.

The canto closes with a spirited description of William of Deloraine's night ride to Melrose Abbey.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

Canto First.

I.

THE feast was over in Branksome tower,
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower;
Her bower, that was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell —
Jesu Maria, shield us well!
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

II.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;
Knight, and page, and household squire,
Loitered through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire.
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

1. **Branksome tower.** This castle was situated on the Teviot, three miles above Hawick, and was the principal seat of the Buccleuch family.

13. **Rushy floor.** In the sixteenth century, floors were strewed with rushes instead of covered with carpets.

III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds from bower to stall:
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited, duteous, on them all:
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel:
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night:
They lay down to rest
With corslet laced,
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.

V.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten;
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,

16. **Knights of fame.** The ancient barons of Buccleuch retained in their household, at Branksome, a number of gentlemen of their own name, who held lands from their chief for the military service of watching and warding his castle.

Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow;
A hundred more fed free in stall: —
Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
Why watch these warriors, armed, by night?
They watch, to hear the bloodhound baying;
They watch, to hear the war-horn braying;
To see St. George's red cross streaming,
To see the midnight beacon gleaming;
  They watch, against Southern force and guile,
    Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
    Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
  From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall. —
  Many a valiant knight is here;
But he, the Chieftain of them all,
His sword hangs rustling on the wall,
  Beside his broken spear.
Bards long shall tell,
How Lord Walter fell!
When startled burghers fled, afar,

39. **Jedwood-axe.** A sort of partizan or halbert, used by horsemen.

42. **Dight.** Caparisoned.

50. **Threaten Branksome's lordly towers.** Being a Border castle, Branksome was often exposed to attacks from the English.

58. **Lord Walter.** A Scott of Buccleuch and warden of the west marches of Scotland. He was killed by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh.

The furies of the Border war;
When the streets of high Dunedin
Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's deadly yell —
Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

VIII.

Can piety the discord heal,
  Or stanch the death-feud's enmity?
Can Christian love, can patriot zeal,
  Can love of blessed charity?
No! vainly to each holy shrine,
  In mutual pilgrimage, they drew;
Implored, in vain, the grace divine
  For chiefs, their own red falchions slew:
While Cessford owns the rule of Car,
  While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
  Shall never, never be forgot!

IX.

In sorrow, o'er Lord Walter's bier
  The warlike foresters had bent;
And many a flower, and many a tear,
  Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent:
But o'er her warrior's bloody bier

61. **Dunedin.** Edinburgh.

63. **Slogan.** War-cry of a Border clan.

70. **Mutual pilgrimage.** To stanch the feud between the Scotts and Kerrs or Cars, also a powerful Border family. There was a bond executed in 1529 between the heads of the clans, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of those of the opposite party who had fallen in the quarrel.

The Ladye dropped nor flower nor tear!
Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had locked the source of softer woe;
And burning pride, and high disdain,
Forbade the rising tear to flow;
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son lisped from the nurse's knee —
"And, if I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be!"
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

X.

All loose her negligent attire,
All loose her golden hair,
Hung Margaret o'er her slaughtered sire,
And wept in wild despair.
But not alone the bitter tear
Had filial grief supplied;
For hopeless love, and anxious fear,
Had lent their mingled tide:
Nor in her mother's altered eye
Dared she to look for sympathy.
Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan,
With Car in arms had stood,
When Mathouse-burn to Melrose ran,
All purple with their blood.
And well she knew, her mother dread,
Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,
Would see her on her dying bed.

109. **Lord Cranstoun.** The Cranstouns were an ancient Border family of Teviotdale, at this time at feud with the Scotts.

XI.

Of noble race the Ladye came;
Her father was a clerk of fame,
Of Bethune's line of Picardie:
He learned the art, that none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea.
Men said, he changed his mortal frame
By feat of magic mystery;
For when, in studious mood, he paced
St. Andrew's cloistered hall,
His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall!

XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow,
He taught that Ladye fair,
Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air.
And now she sits in secret bower,
In old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound,
That moans the mossy turrets round.
Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
That chafes against the scaur's red side?
Is it the wind that swings the oaks?

113. **Bethune.** A noble family of French origin.

115. **Padua.** A city in Italy, long supposed by the French peasants to be the chief school of necromancy.

120. **No darkening shadow.** It is supposed that students of necromancy must run through a subterranean hall, when the devil will catch the hindermost — or his shadow, if he runs very swiftly. Those who have thus lost their shadows always prove the best magicians.

131. **Scaur.** A precipitous bank of earth.

Is it the echo from the rocks?
What may it be, the heavy sound
That moans old Branksome's turrets round?

XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound,
The ban-dogs bay and howl;
And, from the turrets round,
Loud whoops the startled owl.
In the hall, both squire and knight
Swore that a storm was near,
And looked forth to view the night;
But the night was still and clear!

XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
Chafing with the mountain's side,
From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
From the sullen echo of the rock,
From the voice of the coming storm,
The Ladye knew it well!
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Sleepest thou, brother?"

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

——"Brother, nay—
On my hills the moonbeams play

From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen,
By every rill, in every glen,
  Merry elves their morrice pacing,
    To aërial minstrelsy,
  Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
    Trip it deft and merrily.
Up, and mark their nimble feet!
Up, and list their music sweet!"

XVI.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Tears of an imprisoned maiden
  Mix with my polluted stream:
Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,
  Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam.
Tell me, thou who viewest the stars,
When shall cease these feudal jars?
What shall be the maiden's fate?
Who shall be the maiden's mate?"

XVII.

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

"Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll,
In utter darkness, round the pole;
The Northern Bear lowers black and grim:
Orion's studded belt is dim;
Twinkling faint, and distant far,
Shimmers through mist each planet star;
  Ill may I read their high decree:
But no kind influence deign they shower

On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's tower,
Till pride be quelled, and love be free."

XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceast,
And the heavy sound was still;
It died on the river's breast,
It died on the side of the hill. —
But round Lord David's tower
The sound still floated near;
For it rung in the Ladye's bower,
And it rung in the Ladye's ear.
She raised her stately head,
And her heart throbbed high with pride: —
"Your mountains shall bend,
And your streams ascend,
Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride!"

XIX.

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
Where many a bold retainer lay,
And, with jocund din, among them all,
Her son pursued his infant play.
A fancied moss-trooper, the boy
The truncheon of a spear bestrode,
And round the hall, right merrily,
In mimic foray rode.
Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,
Share in his frolic gambols bore,
Albeit their hearts, of rugged mould,

198. **Moss-trooper.** This was the usual name for a marauder upon the Border. Their thieving inroads were called forays.

Were stubborn as the steel they wore.
For the gray warriors prophesied,
How the brave boy, in future war,
Should tame the Unicorn's pride,
Exalt the Crescents and the Star.

XX.

The Ladye forgot her purpose high,
One moment, and no more;
One moment gazed with a mother's eye,
As she paused at the arched door.
Then, from amid the armed train,
She called to her William of Deloraine.

XXI.

A stark moss-trooping Scott was he,
As e'er couched Border lance by knee:
Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,
Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross;
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds;
In Eske, or Liddel, fords were none,
But he would ride them, one by one;
Alike to him was time or tide,
December's snow, or July's pride:

209. **Unicorn** and **Crescent** and **Star.** The coat of arms of the Kerrs contained three unicorns' heads, while that of the Scotts bore a star between two crescents.

215. **William of Deloraine.** A kinsman and vassal of the house of Buccleuch.

221. **Percy's best bloodhounds.** Bloodhounds were often used both by the Scotch and English to pursue marauders across the Border.

222. **Eske and Liddel.** Rivers of Scotland near the Border.

Alike to him was tide, or time,
Moonless midnight, or matin prime:
Steady of heart, and stout of hand,
As ever drove prey from Cumberland;
Five times outlawed had he been,
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

XXII.

"Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
Mount thee on the wightest steed;
Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
Until thou come to fair Tweedside;
And in Melrose's holy pile
Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.
Greet the father well from me;
Say, that the fated hour is come,
And to-night he shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb:
For this will be St. Michael's night,
And though stars be dim the moon is bright;
And the cross of bloody red
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

XXIII.

"What he gives thee, see thou keep;
Stay not thou for food or sleep:
Be it scroll, or be it book,
Into it, knight, thou must not look;

229. **Cumberland.** A county of England bordering on Scotland.
236. **Melrose.** The finest abbey in Scotland, now one of the most beautiful ruins on the Tweed.
245. **Mighty dead.** Michael Scott, a powerful magician.

If thou readest, thou art lorn!
Better hadst thou ne'er been born."

XXIV.

"O swiftly can speed my dapple-gray steed,
Which drinks of the Teviot clear;
Ere break of day," the warrior 'gan say,
"Again will I be here:
And safer by none may thy errand be done,
Than, noble dame, by me;
Letter nor line know I never a one,
Were't my neck-verse at Hairibee."

XXV.

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
And soon the steep descent he past,
Soon crossed the sounding barbican,
And soon the Teviot side he won.
Eastward the wooded path he rode;
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod:
He passed the Peel of Goldiland,
And crossed old Borthwick's roaring strand;
Dimly he viewed the Moat-hill's mound,
Where Druid shades still flitted round;
In Hawick twinkled many a light;
Behind him soon they set in night;

259. **Hairibee.** The place of execution for the Border marauders at Carlisle, England.

266. **Peel.** A Border tower.

268. **Moat-hill mound.** An artificial mount near Hawick, which was probably used in ancient times as an assembling place for a national council of the adjacent tribes.

And soon he spurred his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark; —
"Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark."
"For Branksome, ho!" the knight rejoined.
And left the friendly tower behind.
He turned him now from Teviotside,
And, guided by the tinkling rill,
Northward the dark ascent did ride,
And gained the moor at Horseliehill;
Broad on the left before him lay,
For many a mile, the Roman way.

XXVII.

A moment now, he slacked his speed,
A moment breathed his panting steed;
Drew saddle-girth and corslet-band,
And loosened in the sheath his brand.
On Minto-crags the moonbeams glint,
Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint;
Who flung his outlawed limbs to rest,
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye
For many a league his prey could spy;
Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,

273. **Hazeldean.** An estate belonging to a family of Scotts.
283. **Roman way.** An old Roman road crossing a part of Roxburghshire.
287. **Brand.** Sword.
288. **Minto-crags.** A group of crags rising above the vale of the Teviot. Barnhill is said to have been an outlaw who inhabited a tower at the base of these crags. A small platform high among the crags is called Barnhill's bed.

The terrors of the robber's horn;
Cliffs, which, for many a later year,
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
Ambition is no cure for love.

XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence passed Deloraine
To ancient Riddel's fair domain,
Where Aill, from mountains freed,
Down from the lakes did raving come;
Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chestnut steed.
In vain! no torrent, deep or broad,
Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
And the water broke o'er the saddle-bow;
Above the foaming tide, I ween,
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen;
For he was barded from counter to tail,
And the rider was armed complete in mail;
Never heavier man and horse
Stemmed a midnight torrent's force.
The warrior's very plume, I say,
Was daggled by the dashing spray;
Yet, through good heart, and our Ladye's grace,
At length he gained the landing-place.

301. The family of **Riddel** or Ryedale long held a barony about half way between Branksome and Melrose.

302. **Aill.** A small stream flowing into the Teviot.

312. **Barded.** Applied to a horse accoutered in armor.

XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,
And sternly shook his plumed head,
As glanced his eye o'er Halidon;
For on his soul the slaughter red
Of that unhallowed morn arose,
When first the Scott and Car were foes,
When royal James beheld the fray,
Prize to the victor of the day;
When Home and Douglas, in the van,
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
Reeked on dark Elliot's Border spear.

XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated heath was past;
And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran:
Like some tall rock, with lichens gray,
Seemed, dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.
When Hawick he passed, had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung.
The sound, upon the fitful gale,
In solemn wise did rise and fail,

320. **March-man.** Borderer.

322. **Halidon.** The ancient seat of the Kerrs of Cessford. A little to the northward is the battle-field on which the Douglases, assisted by the Kerrs, contended as to which should have possession of King James. Elliot, a retainer of Buccleuch, killed Cessford, one of the Kerrs.

338. **Curfew.** Eight o'clock bell.

339. **Midnight lauds.** Midnight service of the Catholic church.

Like that wild harp, whose magic tone
Is wakened by the winds alone.
But when Melrose he reached, 'twas silence all;
He meetly stabled his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.

HERE paused the harp; and with its swell
The Master's fire and courage fell:
Dejectedly, and low, he bowed,
And, gazing timid on the crowd,
He seemed to seek, in every eye,
If they approved his minstrelsy;
And, diffident of present praise,
Somewhat he spoke of former days,
And how old age, and wandering long,
Had done his hand and harp some wrong.

The Duchess, and her daughters fair,
And every gentle ladye there,
Each after each, in due degree,
Gave praises to his melody;
His hand was true, his voice was clear,
And much they longed the rest to hear.
Encouraged thus, the Aged Man,
After meet rest, again began.

OUTLINE OF CANTO SECOND.

The description of Melrose Abbey by moonlight, opening this canto, is familiar to many who are not acquainted with the rest of the poem, as one of the finest poetical descriptions ever given of Melrose. It is said that Scott wrote it before he had ever seen Melrose by moonlight.

William of Deloraine thinks little of the beauty of the scene, knocks with his dagger at the wicket, is admitted by the porter and led to the cell of the ancient monk, to whom he tells his errand. The request for Michael Scott's book stirs the monk's recollections of his youthful days, "when he was a warrior bold, and fought in Spain and Italy." He tells Deloraine of his past life and the wonderful magic of his friend, Michael Scott. They sit among the tombs, waiting for the bell to toll one, when they are to open the grave of the wizard. Deloraine lifts the ponderous stone, and then follows a wonderful description of the wizard's appearance, and the weird effect of the chapel, as seen in the glorious light that bursts from the tomb. As Deloraine remounts his horse, the precious book safe within his corslet, his courage, shaken by the night's adventures, begins to revive. He says his "Ave Mary," and hastens on his homeward road.

In the same early morning, Fair Margaret and Lord Cranstoun have a meeting in a grove near Branksome. But their talk is suddenly interrupted by the baron's page, a goblin, whose story is here told. He warns them of approaching danger, and Cranstoun mounts and rides away, while Margaret flees to the castle.

Canto Second.

I.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go — but go alone the while —
Then view St. David's ruined pile:
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

II.

Short halt did Deloraine make there,
Little recked he of the scene so fair.
With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
He struck full loud, and struck full long.

16. David the First of Scotland was sainted for founding Melrose and other monasteries.

The porter hurried to the gate—
"Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?"
"From Branksome I," the warrior cried;
And straight the wicket opened wide:
For Branksome's chiefs had in battle stood,
To fence the rights of fair Melrose;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.

III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said;
The porter bent his humble head;
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step, the path he trod;
The arched cloisters, far and wide,
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride;
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He entered the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventayle,
To hail the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.

IV.

"The Layde of Branksome greets thee by me;
Says, that the fated hour is come,
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb."
From sackcloth couch the Monk arose,
With toil his stiffened limbs he reared;

30. **Souls' repose.** The Buccleuch family conferred many benefits upon Melrose Abbey, in order that masses should be sung for the souls of their dead.

39. **Aventayle.** Visor of a helmet.

A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.

V.

And strangely on the Knight looked he,
And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide; —
"And, dar'st thou, warrior! seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide?
My breast, in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn;
For threescore years, in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have worn;
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne'er be known.
Wouldst thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance drie,
Yet wait thy latter end with fear —
Then, daring warrior, follow me!"

VI.

"Penance, father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one,
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray:
Other prayer can I none;
So speed me my errand, and let me be gone."

VII.

Again on the Knight looked the Churchman old,
And again he sighed heavily;

67. **Foray.** Plundering expedition.

For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days that were long since by,
When his limbs were strong, and his courage was high:—
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloistered round, the garden lay;
The pillared arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

VIII.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,
Glistened with the dew of night;
Nor herb, nor floweret glistened there,
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
Then into the night he looked forth;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start;
Suddenly the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door,
They entered now the chancel tall;
The darkened roof rose high aloof

90. **Jennet.** A small Spanish horse.

On pillars, lofty, and light, and small;
The key-stone, that locked each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbells were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourished around,
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner. riven,
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
Around the screened altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant Chief of Otterburne,
And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale!
O fading honors of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid!

XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand,
'Twixt poplars straight, the osier wand,

99. **Fleur-de-lys** and **Quatre-feuille**. The first, a three-parted ornament, belonging to the arms of France. The second, a four-leaved ornament.

100. **Corbells**. The projections from which arches spring.

109. **Chief of Otterburne**. James, Earl of Douglas, slain at Otterburne.

110. **Knight of Liddesdale**. William Douglas, slain while hunting in Ettrick Forest.

113. **Oriel**. The eastern window of Melrose Abbey, a beautiful specimen of pure Gothic architecture.

In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet, and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

XII.

They sate them down on a marble stone,
A Scottish monarch slept below;
Thus spoke the Monk, in solemn tone: —
"I was not always a man of woe;
For Paynim countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the Cross of God;
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

XIII.

"In these far climes, it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott;
A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That when, in Salamanca's cave,

130. **A Scottish monarch.** Alexander II.

133. **Paynim.** Heathen.

138. **Michael Scott,** of Balwearie, a man of great learning and supposed to be a magician by his contemporaries, lived in the thirteenth century, but in this poem he is placed at a later date.

140. **Salamanca.** There were schools for teaching the sciences supposed to involve magic, in a cavern at Salamanca in Spain.

Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame!
Some of his skill he taught to me;
And, Warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone:
But to speak them were a deadly sin;
And for having but thought them my heart within,
A treble penance must be done.

XIV.

"When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakened;
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed:
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
The words may not again be said,
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid;
They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV.

"I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at the chief of Branksome's need;
And when that need was passed and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.

142. **Notre Dame**. Cathedral in Paris.

145. **Eildon hills**. These hills were cleft in three, and a dam-head built across the Tweed at Kelso, each in a single night, by a spirit under Michael Scott's orders.

I buried him on St. Michael's night,
When the bell tolled one, and the moon was bright,
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's Cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the Wizard's grave.

XVI.

"It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid;
Strange sounds along the chancel passed,
The banners waved without a blast,"—
Still spoke the Monk, when the bell tolled one!—
I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurred a steed;
Yet somewhat was he chilled with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII.

"Lo, Warrior! now, the Cross of Red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead;
Within it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night:
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be."
Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the bloody Cross was traced upon:
He pointed to a secret nook;
An iron bar the warrior took;
And the Monk made a sign, with his withered hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand.

XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent;
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows, like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength,
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there, to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright:
It shone like heaven's own blessed light;
And, issuing from the tomb,
Showed the Monk's cowl, and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail,
And kissed his waving plume.

XIX.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver rolled,
He seemed some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapped him round,
With a wrought Spanish Baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea:
His left hand held his Book of Might;
A silver cross was in his right;

207. **Cowl.** Hood.
214. **Amice.** Flowing cloak worn by pilgrims (palmers).
215. **Baldric.** Belt worn over the shoulder.
217. **Book of Might.** Book of magic.

The lamp was placed beside his knee:
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face:—
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

XX.

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse nor awe;
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw.
Bewildered and unnerved he stood,
And the priest prayed fervently, and loud:
With eyes averted prayed he;
He might not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

XXI.

And when the Priest his death-prayer had prayed.
Thus unto Deloraine he said:
"Now speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue;
For those thou mayest not look upon,
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!"
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasped, and with iron bound:

221. **Fellest.** Most powerful.

He thought, as he took it, the dead man frowned;
But the glare of the sepulchral light,
Perchance, had dazzled the warrior's sight.

XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night returned, in double gloom;
For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few
And, as the Knight and Priest withdrew,
With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'Tis said, as through the aisles they passed,
They heard strange noises on the blast;
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices, unlike the voice of man;
As if the fiends kept holiday,
Because these spells were brought to day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

XXIII.

"Now, hie thee hence," the Father said,
"And, when we are on death-bed laid,
O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St. John,
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done."
The Monk returned him to his cell,
And many a prayer and penance sped;
When the convent met at the noontide bell —
The Monk of St. Mary's aisle was dead!

Before the cross was the body laid,
With hands clasped fast, as if still he prayed.

XXIV.

The Knight breathed free in the morning wind,
And strove his hardihood to find:
He was glad when he passed the tombstones gray
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye;
For the mystic Book, to his bosom prest,
Felt like a load upon his breast;
And his joints, with nerves of iron twined,
Shook, like the aspen leaves in wind.
Full fain was he when the dawn of day
Began to brighten Cheviot gray;
He joyed to see the cheerful light,
And he said Ave Mary, as well as he might.

XXV.

The sun had brightened Cheviot gray,
The sun had brightened the Carter's side;
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.
The wild birds told their warbling tale,
And wakened every flower that blows;
And peeped forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose;
And lovelier than the rose so red,
Yet paler than the violet pale,

283. **Cheviot** hills. Hills between England and Scotland.
287. **Carter.** A mountain among the Cheviot hills.

She early left her sleepless bed,
The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

XXVI.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
And don her kirtle so hastilie;
And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make,
Why tremble her slender fingers to tie;
Why does she stop, and look often around,
As she glides down the secret stair;
And why does she pat the shaggy blood-hound,
As he rouses him up from his lair;
And, though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?

XXVII.

The ladye steps in doubt and dread,
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread;
The ladye caresses the rough blood-hound,
Lest his voice should waken the castle round;
The watchman's bugle is not blown,
For he was her foster-father's son;
And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light,
To meet Baron Henry, her own true Knight.

XXVIII.

The Knight and Ladye fair are met,
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set:
A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.

He was stately, and young, and tall;
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall:
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red;
When the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribbon pressed;
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold—
Where would you find the peerless fair,
With Margaret of Branksome might compare?

XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy;
Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow:—
Ye ween to hear a melting tale,
Of two true lovers in a dale;
And how the Knight, with tender fire,
To paint his faithful passion strove;
Swore he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love;
And how she blushed, and how she sighed,
And half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid:—
Yet, might the bloody feud be stayed,
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

334. **Ween.** Think.

XXX.

Alas! fair dames, your hopes are vain!
My harp has lost the enchanting strain;
  Its lightness would my age reprove:
My hairs are gray, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold: —
  I may not, must not, sing of love.

XXXI.

Beneath an oak, mossed o'er by eld,
The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,
  And held his crested helm and spear:
That Dwarf was scarcely an earthly man,
If the tales were true, that of him ran
  Through all the Border far and near.
'Twas sad, when the Baron a hunting rode
Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trod,
He heard a voice cry, "Lost! lost! lost!"
And, like tennis-ball by raquet tossed,
  A leap, of thirty feet and three,
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
  And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.
Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismayed:
'Tis said that five good miles he rade,
  To rid him of his company;
But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf ran four,
And the Dwarf was first at the castle door.

352. **Eld.** Old age.
363. **Gorse.** A small shrub.

XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said.
This elfish Dwarf with the Baron staid:
Little he ate, and less he spoke,
Nor mingled with the menial flock;
And oft apart his arms he tossed,
And often muttered, "Lost! lost! lost!"
He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,
But well Lord Cranstoun served he:
And he of his service was full fain;
For once he had been ta'en or slain,
An' it had not been for his ministry.
All, between Home and Hermitage,
Talked of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page.

XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this elvish page,
To Mary's chapel of the Lowes:
For there, beside Our Ladye's lake,
An offering he had sworn to make,
And he would pay his vows.
But the Ladye of Branksome gathered a band
Of the best that would ride at her command:
The trysting-place was Newark Lee.
Wat of Harden came thither amain,
And thither came John of Thirlestaine,
And thither came William of Deloraine;

377. **Litherlie.** Mischievous.
379. **Fain.** Glad.
392. **Trysting-place.** Gathering-place.

There were three hundred spears and three.
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
They came to St. Mary's lake ere day;
But the chapel was void, and the Baron away.
They burned the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page.

XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's good greenwood,
As under the aged oak he stood,
The Baron's courser pricks his ears,
As if a distant noise he hears.
The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,
And signs to the lovers to part and fly;
No time was then to vow or sigh.
Fair Margaret, through the hazel grove,
Flew like the startled cushat-dove:
The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein;
Vaulted the Knight on his steed amain,
And, pondering deep that morning's scene,
Rode eastward through the hawthorns green.

While thus he poured the lengthened tale,
The Minstrel's voice began to fail:
Full slyly smiled the observant page,
And gave the withered hand of age
A goblet, crowned with mighty wine,
The blood of Velez' scorched vine.
He raised the silver cup on high,

411. **Cushat-dove.** Wood pigeon.

And, while the big drop filled his eye,
Prayed God to bless the Duchess long,
And all who cheered a son of song.
The attending maidens smiled to see
How long, how deep, how zealously,
The precious juice the Minstrel quaffed;
And he, emboldened by the draught,
Looked gayly back to them, and laughed.
The cordial nectar of the bowl
Swelled his old veins, and cheered his soul;
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
Ere thus his tale again began.

OUTLINE OF CANTO THIRD.

LORD CRANSTOUN has scarcely time to don his helmet, when he meets William of Deloraine, hastening homeward from his night's errand. The fight between the two foemen is short and fierce, and Deloraine is left senseless on the field. But Deloraine is the kinsman of Fair Margaret, and Cranstoun will not leave him to die. He bids his page to stanch the wound and take him to Branksome Castle. Cranstoun himself hurries away from this dangerous neighborhood. Upon unfastening Deloraine's corslet, the dwarf espies the book. He smears the cover with the Borderer's blood, — Christian blood having power over magic — opens the book, and reads one short spell. But he is suddenly felled to the ground by an unseen hand, and the book shuts faster than it was before. Then he obeys his master's command and carries Deloraine even to the door of the Lady's secret bower, disguising himself and his burden by magic. In passing out he sees the little boy, the heir of Branksome, and under the guise of a comrade leads him to the woods to play. As they cross a running stream, his magic disguise is destroyed, and he assumes his goblin shape and flees away into the forest, leaving the child alone. The boy is found by an English archer, who, delighted at so great a prize as the heir of Buccleuch, carries him to Lord Dacre, one of the English wardens of the border. In the meantime, the goblin page takes the form of the boy at Branksome Castle, and prevents his loss being known.

As night approaches, Fair Margaret, sitting alone on the castle turret, suddenly espies a beacon fire toward the Border land on the south. Then follows a spirited description of the preparations for Border warfare.

Canto Third.

I.

And said I that my limbs were old;
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
  And that I might not sing of love? —
How could I, to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
  So foul, so false, a recreant prove!
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
While, pondering deep the tender scene,
He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green.
  But the Page shouted wild and shrill —

And scarce his helmet could he don,
When downward from the shady hill
A stately knight came pricking on.
That warrior's steed, so dapple-gray,
Was dark with sweat, and splashed with clay;
His armor red with many a stain:
He seemed in such a weary plight,
As if he had ridden the livelong night;
For it was William of Deloraine.

IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,
When, dancing in the sunny beam,
He marked the crane on the Baron's crest;
For his ready spear was in his rest.
Few were the words, and stern and high,
That marked the foeman's feudal hate;
For question fierce, and proud reply,
Gave signal soon of dire debate.
Their very coursers seemed to know
That each was other's mortal foe;
And snorted fire, when wheeled around,
To give each knight his vantage ground.

V.

In rapid round the Baron bent;
He sighed a sigh, and prayed a prayer:
The prayer was to his patron saint,
The sigh was to his ladye fair.

33. **Crest.** The ornament on the top of the helmet. The Cranstoun's crest was a crane, in allusion to their name.

Stout Deloraine nor sighed, nor prayed,
Nor saint, nor ladye, called to aid;
But he stooped his head, and couched his spear,
And spurred his steed to full career.
The meeting of these champions proud
Seemed like the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent!
The stately Baron backwards bent;
Bent backwards to his horse's tail,
And his plumes went scattering on the gale;
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand flinders flew.
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail;
Through shield, and jack, and acton passed,
Deep in his bosom broke at last. —
Still sate the warrior saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,
Hurled on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward passed his course;
Nor knew — so giddy rolled his brain —
His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

VII.

But when he reined his courser round,
And saw his foeman on the ground

61. **Jack.** A coat of mail. — **Acton.** A leather jacket worn under a coat of mail.

Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
He bade his page to stanch the wound,
And there beside the warrior stay,
And tend him in his doubtful state,
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate:
His noble mind was inly moved
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
"This shalt thou do without delay;
No longer here myself may stay;
Unless the swifter I speed away,
Short shrift will be at my dying day."

VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode;
The Goblin Page behind abode:
His lord's command he ne'er withstood,
Though small his pleasure to do good.
As the corslet off he took,
The Dwarf espied the Mighty Book!
Much he marvelled, a Knight of pride
Like a book-bosomed priest should ride:
He thought not to search or stanch the wound,
Until the secret he had found.

IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp,
Resisted long the elfin grasp;
For when the first he had undone,

87. **Corslet.** Breastplate.

90. **Book-bosomed priest.** Friars were wont to travel from Melrose to Jedburg to perform various religious services, carrying the mass-book in their bosoms.

It closed as he the next begun.
Those iron clasps, that iron band,
Would not yield to unchristened hand,
Till he smeared the cover o'er
With the Borderer's curdled gore;
A moment then the volume spread,
And one short spell therein he read.
It had much of glamour might,
Could make a layde seem a knight;
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall,
Seem tapestry in lordly hall;
A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,
A sheeling seem a palace large,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth —
All was delusion, naught was truth.

X.

He had not read another spell,
When on his cheek a buffet fell, —
So fierce, it stretched him on the plain,
Beside the wounded Deloraine.
From the ground he rose dismayed,
And shook his huge and matted head;
One word he muttered, and no more,
"Man of age, thou smitest sore!"
No more the Elfin Page durst try
Into the wondrous Book to pry;
The clasps, though smeared with Christian gore,

103. **Glamour.** Magic.
108. **Sheeling.** Shepherd's hut.
121. **Christian gore.** Christian blood (gore) could break any magic spell.

Shut faster than they were before.
He hid it underneath his cloak. —
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
I cannot tell, so mot I thrive;
It was not given by man alive.

XI.

Unwillingly himself he addressed,
To do his master's high behest:
He lifted up the living corse,
And laid it on the weary horse;
He led him into Branksome Hall,
Before the beards of the warders all,
And each did after swear and say,
There only passed a wain of hay.
He took him to Lord David's tower,
Even to the Ladye's secret bower;
And, but that stronger spells were spread,
And the door might not be opened,
He had laid him on her very bed.
Whate'er he did of gramarye,
Was always done maliciously:
He flung the warrior on the ground,
And the blood welled freshly from the wound.

XII.

As he repassed the outer court,
He spied the fair young child at sport:
He thought to train him to the wood;
For, at a word, be it understood,

125. **Mot.** Might. 140. **Gramarye.** Magic. 146. **Train.** Entice.

He was always for ill, and never for good.
Seemed to the boy, some comrade gay
Led him forth to the woods to play;
On the drawbridge the warders stout
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
Until they came to a woodland brook;
The running stream dissolved the spell,
And his own elvish shape he took.
Could he have had his pleasure vilde,
He had crippled the joints of the noble child;
Or, with his fingers long and lean,
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen:
But his awful mother he had in dread,
And also his power was limited;
So he but scowled on the startled child,
And darted through the forest wild;
The woodland brook he bounding crossed,
And laughed, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"

XIV.

Full sore amazed at the wondrous change,
And frightened, as a child might be,
At the wild yell and visage strange,
And the dark words of gramarye,
The child, amidst the forest bower,
Stood rooted like a lilye flower;
And when at length, with trembling pace,

152. **Lurcher.** A kind of hunting dog.
155. **Spell.** A running stream destroys all magic.

He sought to find where Branksome lay,
He feared to see that grisly face
Glare from some thicket on his way.
Thus, starting oft, he journeyed on,
And deeper in the wood is gone, —
For aye the more he sought his way,
The farther still he went astray, —
Until he heard the mountains round
Ring to the baying of a hound.

XV.

And hark! and hark! the deep-mouthed bark
Comes nigher still, and nigher;
Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound,
His tawny muzzle tracked the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.
Soon as the wildered child saw he,
He flew at him right furiouslie.
I ween you would have seen with joy
The bearing of the gallant boy,
When, worthy of his noble sire,
His wet cheek glowed 'twixt fear and ire!
He faced the blood-hound manfully,
And held his little bat on high;
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,
At cautious distance hoarsely bayed.
But still in act to spring;
When dashed an archer through the glade,
And when he saw the hound was stayed,
He drew his tough bow-string;
But a rough voice cried, "Shoot not, boy!
Ho! shoot not, Edward — 'tis a boy!"

XVI.

The speaker issued from the wood,
And checked his fellow's surly mood,
And quelled the ban-dog's ire:
He was an English yeoman good,
And born in Lancashire.
Well could he hit a fallow-deer
Five hundred feet him fro;
With hand more true, and eye more clear,
No archer bended bow.
His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,
Set off his sun-burned face;
Old England's sign, St. George's cross,
His barret-cap did grace;
His bugle-horn hung by his side,
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied;
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,
Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,
Reached scantly to his knee;
And, at his belt, of arrows keen
A furbished sheaf bore he;
His buckler scarce in breadth a span,
No longer fence had he;
He never counted him a man,

206. **Ban-dog.** Fierce dog — one that needs to be bound.
219. **Falchion.** Sword.
221. **Kirtle.** Tunic.
224. **Sheaf.** Bundle. 226. **Fence.** Defence.

Would strike below the knee.
His slackened bow was in his hand,
And the leash, that was his blood-hound's band.

XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm,
But held him with his powerful arm,
That he might neither fight nor flee;
For when the Red-Cross spied he,
The boy strove long and violently.
"Now, by St. George," the archer cries,
"Edward, methinks we have a prize!
This boy's fair face, and courage free,
Shows he is come of high degree."

XIX.

"Yes! I am come of high degree,
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch;
And, if thou dost not set me free,
False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue!
For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,
And William of Deloraine, good at need,
And every Scott from Esk to Tweed;
And, if thou dost not let me go,
Despite thy arrows, and thy bow,
I'll have thee hanged to feed the crow!"

XX.

"Gramercy, for thy good-will, fair boy!
My mind was never set so high;

250. **Gramercy.** Thanks.

But if thou art chief of such a clan,
And art the son of such a man,
And ever comest to thy command,
Our wardens had need to keep in good order
My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
Thou'lt make them work upon the Border.
Meantime be pleased to come with me,
For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see;
I think our work is well begun,
When we have taken thy father's son."

XXI.

Although the child was led away,
In Branksome still he seemed to stay,
For so the Dwarf his part did play;
And, in the shape of that young boy,
He wrought the castle much annoy.
The comrades of the young Buccleuch
He pinched, and beat, and overthrew;
Nay, some of them he well-nigh slew.
He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire;
And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
He lighted the match of his bandelier,
And woefully scorched the hackbuteer.
It may hardly be thought, or said,
The mischief that the urchin made,
Till many of the castle guessed,
That the young Baron was possessed.

255. **Wardens.** Officers having authority on the Border.
270. **Tire.** Head-dress.
272. **Bandelier.** Belt for carrying ammunition.
273. **Hackbuteer.** A soldier armed with a hackbut, a kind of heavy musket.

XXII.

Well I ween, the charm he held
The noble Ladye had soon dispelled;
But she was deeply busied then
To tend the wounded Deloraine.
Much she wondered to find him lie,
On the stone threshold stretched along;
She thought some spirit of the sky
Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong,
Because, despite her precept dread,
Perchance he in the Book had read;
But the broken lance in his bosom stood,
And it was earthly steel and wood.

XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she stanched the blood;
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound:
No longer by his couch she stood;
But she had ta'en the broken lance,
And washed it from the clotted gore,
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.
William of Deloraine in trance,
Whene'er she turned it round and round,
Twisted, as if she galled his wound.
Then to her maidens she did say,
That he should be whole man and sound,
Within the course of a night and day.

296. **Salved the splinter.** Some persons were supposed to possess a sort of sympathetic powder with which they could cure a wound by merely anointing the weapon which inflicted it.

Full long she toiled; for she did rue
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

XXIV.

So passed the day — the evening fell,
'Twas near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;
E'en the rude watchman, on the tower,
Enjoyed and blessed the lovely hour.
Far more fair Margaret loved and blessed
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret sitting lone,
She waked at times the lute's soft tone;
Touched a wild note, and all between
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green;
Her golden hair streamed free from band,
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

XXV.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And, spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star? —
O, 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!

321. **Pen.** Hill.

326. **Beacon.** Signal fire, giving warning of the approach of an enemy. Such fires formed a sort of telegraphic communication between the Border and Edinburgh.

Scarce could she draw her tightened breath;
For well she knew the fire of death!

XXVI.

The warder viewed it blazing strong,
And blew his war-note loud and long,
Till, at the high and haughty sound,
Rock, wood, and river, rung around.
The blast alarmed the festal hall,
And startled forth the warriors all:
Far downward, in the castle-yard,
Full many a torch and cresset glared;
And helms and plumes, confusedly tossed,
Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost;
And spears in wild disorder shook,
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

XXVII.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair
Was reddened by the torches' glare,
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
And issued forth his mandates loud. —
"On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,
And three are kindling on Priesthaughswire;
Ride out, ride out,
The foe to scout!
Mount, mount for Branksome, every man!

329. **Warder.** Watchman.

336. **Cresset.** A sort of lantern attached to a pole.

341. **Seneschal.** Principal officer of the household.

345. **Bale.** Beacon; one fire gave warning of the enemy, two that they were coming indeed, and four that they were in great force.

349. **Mount for Branksome.** The gathering-cry of the Scotts.

Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,
That ever are true and stout. —
Ye need not send to Liddesdale;
For, when they see the blazing bale,
Elliots and Armstrongs never fail. —
Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life,
And warn the warden of the strife.
Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
Our kin, and clan, and friends, to raise."

XXVIII.

Fair Margaret, from the turret head,
Heard, far below, the coursers' tread,
While loud the harness rung,
As to their seats with clamor dread,
The ready horsemen sprung;
And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
And leaders' voices, mingled notes,
And out! and out!
In hasty route,
The horsemen galloped forth;
Dispersing to the south to scout,
And east, and west, and north,
To view their coming enemies,
And warn their vassals and allies.

XXIX.

The ready page, with hurried hand,
Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,
And ruddy blushed the heaven:
For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,

374. **Need-fire.** Beacon.

Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,
All flaring and uneven,
And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen;
Each with warlike tidings fraught:
Each from each the signal caught;
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They gleamed on many a dusky tarn,
Haunted by the lonely earn;
On many a cairn's gray pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;
Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
From Soltra and Dumpender Law;
And Lothian heard the Regent's order,
That all should bowne them for the Border.

XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang
The ceaseless sound of steel;
The castle-bell, with backward clang,
Sent forth the larum peal;
Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
Where massy stone and iron bar
Were piled on echoing keep and tower,

385. **Tarn.** Mountain lake.
386. **Earn.** Eagle.
387. **Cairn.** Pile of loose stones, often found on the summit of Scottish hills, and supposed mostly to be sepulchral monuments.
390. **Soltra and Dumpender Law.** Two hills.
391. **Lothian.** The division of Scotland which includes Edinburgh.
392. **Bowne.** Make ready.
399. **Keep.** Donjon, the strongest part of an old castle.

To whelm the foe with deadly shower;
Was frequent heard the changing guard,
And watchword from the sleepless ward;
While, wearied by the endless din,
Blood-hound and ban-dog yelled within.

XXXI.

The noble Dame, amid the broil,
Shared the gray Seneschal's high toil,
And spoke of danger with a smile;
Cheered the young knights, and council sage
Held with the chiefs of riper age.
No tidings of the foe were brought,
Nor of his numbers knew they aught,
Nor in what time the truce he sought.
Some said, that there were thousands ten,
And others weened that it was naught
But Leven Clans, or Tynedale men,
Who came to gather in black-mail;
And Liddesdale, with small avail,
Might drive them lightly back agen.
So passed the anxious night away,
And welcome was the peep of day.

CEASED the high sound — the listening throng
Applaud the Master of the Song;
And marvel much, in helpless age,
So hard should be his pilgrimage.
Had he no friend — no daughter dear,

415. **Leven Clans, or Tynedale men.** Borderers on a pillaging expedition.
416. **Black-mail.** Protection money exacted by freebooters.

His wandering toil to share and cheer;
No son, to be his father's stay,
And guide him on the rugged way? —
"Aye! once he had — but he was dead!"
Upon the harp he stooped his head,
And busied himself the strings withal,
To hide the tear, that fain would fall.
In solemn measure, soft and slow,
Arose a father's notes of woe.

OUTLINE OF CANTO FOURTH.

This canto opens with the musings of the bard upon the olden times, and the changes in the present. Watt Tinlinn of the Liddelside, is the first of the clan to arrive. He brings news that the enemy are led by Lord Howard and Lord Dacre, and are in great force. Then follow scouts from Liddesdale, who confirm the news. Then come the Scotts of Eskdale; and we have the story of how the Scotts won that valley from Earl Morton. As band after band of vassels and allies come in, the Lady's spirits rise, and she sends for her young son to view the martial array and know his father's friends. But the elfin page knows that the Lady will see through his disguise, and so shrieks and counterfeits fear. When the attendants tell her of this strange behavior in one who was "wont to be so free and bold," she is filled with shame, and bids Watt Tinlinn to carry the boy far away where none of the clan shall see the cowardly behavior of the son of their chief. Wat has a sorry task, and no sooner do they reach a running stream than the spell is broken and the urchin assumes his goblin shape and escapes.

As Tinlinn returns, he sees the English forces in martial array issuing from the wood, and coming to a stand before Branksome Castle, where warlike preparations are plainly seen. As they halt, the hoary seneschal rides forth to learn their purpose. Howard asks for the Lady's presence on the outer wall, when their purpose shall be shown. When she appears, the boy is led forth, dressed in Lord Howard's livery. Howard demands that she shall deliver to him William of Deloraine, who has been guilty of many Border depredations, and also of the death of one of the Musgraves, and shall receive into her castle two hundred English soldiers. If she does not agree to these conditions, he will straightway storm her castle and take her boy to England, to be bred up as a page to King Edward. Though longing to reclaim her son, the Lady will

not yield any of the rights of her castle or her clan, and bids defiance to the English, at the same time proposing that the matter in dispute should be settled by a single combat between Deloraine and Richard Musgrave. This the English soon find reason to accept, being warned by a friend that strong bands in aid of Buccleuch are gathering in their rear. The lists are prepared, and in case Deloraine should not recover from his wound by the next morning, it is agreed that a champion should fight in his stead.

Canto Fourth.

I.

SWEET Teviot! on thy silver tide
  The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
  Along thy wild and willowed shore:
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
  As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they rolled their way to Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
  Nor started at the bugle-horn.

II.

Unlike the tide of human time,
  Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
  Its earliest course was doomed to know,
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stained with past and present tears.
  Low as that tide has ebbed with me,
It still reflects to memory's eye
The hour, my brave, my only boy,
  Fell by the side of great Dundee.
Why, when the volleying musket played

20. **Dundee.** John Graham, Viscount of Dundee, slain in the battle of Killicrankie.

Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was not I beside him laid! —
Enough — he died the death of fame;
Enough — he died with conquering Græme.

III.

Now, over Border dale and fell,
Full wide and far was terror spread;
For pathless march, and mountain cell,
The peasant left his lowly shed.
The frightened flocks and herds were pent
Beneath the peel's rude battlement;
And maids and matrons dropped the tear,
While ready warriors seized the spear.
From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye
Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,
Which, curling in the rising sun,
Showed southern ravage was begun.

IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried —
"Prepare ye all for blows and blood!
Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side,
Comes wading through the flood.
Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
At his lone gate, and prove the lock;
It was but last St. Barnabright
They sieged him a whole summer night,

25. **Græme.** An abbreviation of Graham.

40. **Liddel-side.** Watt Tinlinn was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, who held for his service a small tower on the frontier of Liddesdale.

42. **Tynedale snatchers.** A class of Border robbers.

But fled at morning; well they knew,
In vain he never twanged the yew.
Right sharp has been the evening shower,
That drove him from his Liddel tower;
And by my faith," the gate-ward said,
"I think 'twill prove a Warden-Raid."

V.

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
Entered the echoing barbican.
He led a small and shaggy nag,
That through a bog, from hag to hag,
Could bound like any Billhope stag:
It bore his wife and children twain;
A half-clothed serf was all their train:
His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-browed,
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud,
Laughed to her friends among the crowd.
He was of stature passing tall,
But sparely formed, and lean withal:
A battered morion on his brow;
A leathern jack, as fence enow,
On his broad shoulders loosely hung;
A border-axe behind was slung;
His spear, six Scottish ells in length,
Seemed newly dyed with gore;

47. **Twanged the yew.** Fired his bow made of yew.
51. **Warden-Raid.** An inroad commanded by the warden in person.
53. **Barbican.** Tower at the entrance of a fortification.
55. **Hag to hag.** Broken ground in a bog.
56. **Billhope.** A place in Liddesdale, famous among hunters for buck and roes.
58. **Serf.** Bondman.
64. **Morion.** Steel cap.

His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,
His hardy partner bore.

VI.

Thus to the Ladye did Tinlinn show
The tidings of the English foe: —
"Belted Will Howard is marching here,
And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear,
And all the German hackbut-men,
Who have long lain at Askertain:
They crossed the Liddel at curfew hour,
And burned my little lonely tower;
The fiend receive their souls therefor!
It had not been burned this year and more.
Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,
Served to guide me on my flight;
But I was chased the livelong night.
Black John of Akeshaw, and Fergus Græme,
Fast upon my traces came,
Until I turned at Priesthaugh-Scrogg,
And shot their horses in the bog,
Slew Fergus with my lance outright —
I had him long at high despite:
He drove my cows last Fastern's night."

VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
Fast hurrying in, confirmed the tale;

74. **Belted Will Howard.** Lord William Howard, third son of the Duke of Norfolk, and warden of the West Marches.

76. **Hackbut-men.** German musketeers.

91. **Drove my cows.** Stole his herds. — **Fastern night.** The night before Lent.

As far as they could judge by ken,
Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand
Three thousand armed Englishmen. —
Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,
From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,
Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.
There was saddling and mounting in haste,
There was pricking o'er moor and lea;
He that was last at the trysting-place,
Was but lightly held of his gay ladye.

VIII.

From fair St. Mary's silver wave,
From dreary Gamescleuch's dusky height,
His ready lances Thirlestane brave
Arrayed beneath a banner bright.
The treasured fleur-de-luce he claims
To wreath his shield, since royal James,
Encamped by Fala's mossy wave,
The proud distinction grateful gave,
For faith 'mid feudal jars;
What time, save Thirlestane alone,
Of Scotland's stubborn barons none
Would march to southern wars;
And hence, in fair remembrance worn,

100. **There was saddling, etc.** These lines, ending with 103, are not in the first edition. They are in that of 1813, and also in later ones.

106. **Thirlestane.** When James had assembled his nobility at Fala, in the south of Scotland, to invade England, and was disappointed at their refusal to follow him, Sir John Scott of Thirlestane alone declared himself ready to follow the king wherever he should lead. In gratitude for this, James granted his family a charter of arms, a border of fleur-de-luce with a bundle of spears for a crest, and the motto, "Ready, aye ready."

Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne:
Hence his high motto shines revealed, —
"Ready, aye ready," for the field.

IX.

An aged knight, to danger steeled,
With many a moss-trooper, came on:
And azure in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Murdieston.
Wide lay his lands round Oakwood-tower,
And wide round haunted Castle-Ower;
High over Borthwick's mountain flood,
His wood-embosomed mansion stood;
In the dark glen, so deep below,
The herds of plundered England low;
His bold retainers' daily food,
And bought with danger, blows, and blood.
Marauding chief! his sole delight
The moonlight raid, the morning fight;
Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms,
In youth, might tame his rage for arms;
And still, in age, he spurned at rest,
And still his brows the helmet pressed,
Albeit the blanched locks below
Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow:
Five stately warriors drew the sword
Before their father's band;

124. **Murdieston.** Walter Scott of Harden, descendant of a younger branch of the Buccleuch family, before they acquired the estate of Murdieston. He was a renowned Border freebooter.

135. **Flower of Yarrow.** Mary, wife of Walter Scott of Harden.

A braver knight than Harden's lord
Ne'er belted on a brand.

X.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band,
Came trooping down the Todshawhill;
By the sword they won their land,
And by their sword they hold it still.
Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,
How thy sires won fair Eksdale. —
Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
The Beattisons were his vassals there.
The Earl was gentle, and mild of mood,
The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude;
High of heart, and haughty of word,
Little they reck'd of a tame liege lord.
The Earl into fair Eskdale came,
Homage and seignory to claim:
Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot he sought,
Saying, "Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought."
— "Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
Oft has he help'd me at pinch of need;
Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow,
I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou." —
Word on word gave fuel to fire,
Till so highly blazed the Beattison's ire,
But that the Earl the flight had ta'en,

158. **Seignory.** The right which a feudal superior has in the property of his tenants.

159. **Galliard.** Gay young man. — **Heriot.** The feudal superior in certain cases was entitled to the best horse of the vassal, in the name of Heriot.

The vassals there their lord had slain.
Sore he plied both whip and spur,
As he urged his steed through Eksdale muir;
And it fell down a weary weight,
Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

XI.

The Earl was a wrathful man to see,
Full fain avenged would he be.
In haste to Branksome's lord he spoke,
Saying — "Take these traitors to thy yoke;
For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,
All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and to hold:
Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons' clan
If thou leavest on Eske a landed man;
But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,
For he lent me his horse to escape upon."
A glad man then was Branksome bold,
Down he flung him the purse of gold;
To Eskdale soon he spurr'd amain,
And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.
He left his merrymen in the midst of the hill,
And bade them hold them close and still;
And alone he wended to the plain,
To meet with the Galliard and all his train.
To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said: —
"Know thou me for thy liege-lord and head;
Deal not with me as with Morton tame,
For Scotts play best at the roughest game.
Give me in peace my heriot due,
Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.

If my horn I three times wind,
Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind."

XII.

Loudly the Beattison laughed in scorn;
"Little care we for thy winded horn.
Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot,
To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.
Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
With rusty spur and miry boot." —
He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse,
That the dun deer started at fair Craikcross;
He blew again so loud and clear,
Through the gray mountain-mist there did lances appear;
And the third blast rang with such a din,
That the echoes answered from Pentoun-linn,
And all his riders came lightly in.
Then had you seen a gallant shock,
When saddles were emptied, and lances broke.
For each scornful word the Galliard had said
A Beattison on the field was laid.
His own good sword the chieftain drew,
And he bore the Galliard through and through;
Where the Beattisons' blood mixed with the rill,
The Galliard's-Haugh men call it still.
The Scotts have scatter'd the Beattison clan,
In Eskdale they left but one landed man.
The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the source,
Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

XIII.

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
And warriors more than I may name;
From Yarrow-cleuch to Hindhaugh-swair,
From Woodhouselie to Chester-glen,
Trooped man and horse, and bow and spear;
Their gathering word was Bellenden.
And better hearts o'er Border sod
To siege or rescue never rode.
The Ladye marked the aids come in,
And high her heart of pride arose;
She bade her youthful son attend,
That he might know his father's friend,
And learn to face his foes.
"The boy is ripe to look on war;
I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,
And his true arrow struck afar
The raven's nest upon the cliff;
The Red Cross, on a southern breast,
Is broader than the raven's nest:
Thou, Whitslade, shalt teach him his weapon to wield,
And o'er him hold his father's shield."

XIV.

Well may you think, the wily Page
Cared not to face the Ladye sage.
He counterfeited childish fear,
And shrieked, and shed full many a tear,

229. **Bellenden.** Bellenden is situated near the head of Bortwick water, nearly in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, and hence was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and their gathering word.

And moaned and plained in manner wild.
The attendants to the Ladye told,
Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,
That wont to be so free and bold.
Then wrathful was the noble dame;
She blushed blood-red for very shame:—
"Hence! ere the clan his faintness view;
Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch!—
Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
To Rangleburn's lonely side.—
Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,
That coward should e'er be son of mine!"

XV.

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,
To guide the counterfeited lad.
Soon as his palfrey felt the weight
Of that ill-omened elvish freight,
He bolted, sprung, and reared amain,
Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.
It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil
To drive him but a Scottish mile;
But, as a shallow brook they crossed,
The elf, amid the running stream,
His figure changed, like form in dream,
And fled, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"
Full fast the urchin ran and laughed,
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew,
And pierced his shoulder through and through.

267. **Mickle.** Much.

Although the imp might not be slain,
And though the wound soon healed again,
Yet, as he ran, he yelled for pain;
And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast,
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood;
And martial murmurs, from below,
Proclaimed the approaching southern foe.
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
Were border-pipes and bugles blown;
The coursers' neighing he could ken,
And measured tread of marching men;
While broke at times the solemn hum,
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum;
And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the copse appear;
And, glistening through the hawthorns green,
Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

XVII.

Light forayers first, to view the ground,
Spurred their fleet coursers loosely round.
Behind, in close array and fast,
The Kendal archers, all in green,
Obedient to the bugle blast,
Advancing from the wood are seen.
To back and guard the archer band,

291. **Almayn.** German.

Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand;
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
With kirtles white, and crosses red,
Arrayed beneath the banner tall
That streamed o'er Acre's conquered wall;
And minstrels, as they marched in order,
Played, "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border."

XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow,
The mercenaries, firm and slow,
Moved on to fight, in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
And sold their blood for foreign pay.
The camp their home, their law the sword,
They knew no country, owned no lord.
They were not armed like England's sons,
But bore the leven-darting guns;
Buff-coats, all frounced and 'broidered o'er,
And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore:
Each better knee was bared, to aid
The warriors in the escalade;

303. **Bill.** Battle-axe fixed on a pole.
304. **Irthing.** A river in Cumberland, England.
307. **Acre's conquered wall.** The family of Dacre derive their name from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre.
311. **Mercenaries.** Foreign troops whose services are bought.
319. **Leven.** Lightning.
321. **Morsing-horns.** Powder flasks.
322. **Better knee.** Right knee.
323. **Escalade.** Scaling the walls.

All, as they marched, in rugged tongue,
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

XIX.

But louder still the clamor grew,
And louder still the minstrels blew,
When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry;
His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear,
Brought up the battle's glittering rear.
There many a youthful knight, full keen
To gain his spurs, in arms were seen;
With favor in his crest, or glove,
Memorial of his ladye-love.
So rode they forth in fair array,
Till full their lengthened lines display;
Then called a halt, and made a stand,
And cried, "St. George, for merry England!"

XX.

Now every English eye, intent,
On Branksome's armed towers was bent:
So near they were, that they might know
The straining harsh of each cross-bow;
On battlement and bartizan
Gleamed axe, and spear, and partisan:
Falcon and culver, on each tower,

330. **Glaive.** Broadsword.
333. **To gain his spurs.** To win the order of knighthood.
344. **Bartizan.** A small overhanging turret.
345. **Partisan.** A kind of halberd or long-handled battle-axe.
346. **Falcon and culver.** Ancient pieces of artillery.

Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower;
And flashing armor frequent broke
From eddying whirls of sable smoke
Where, upon tower and turret head,
The seething pitch and molten lead
Reeked, like a witch's cauldron red.
While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
The wicket opes, and from the wall
Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

XXI.

Armed he rode, all save the head.
His white beard o'er his breastplate spread;
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
He ruled his eager courser's gait;
Forced him, with chastened fire, to prance,
And, high curvetting, slow advance:
In sign of truce, his better hand
Displayed a peeled willow-wand;
His squire, attending in the rear,
Bore high a gauntlet on a spear.
When they espied him riding out,
Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
Sped to the front of their array,
To hear what this old knight should say.

XXII.

"Ye English warden lords, of you
Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,

351. **Seething pitch and molten lead.** For pouring on the heads of the assailants.

365. **A gauntlet on a spear.** The emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers.

Why, 'gainst the truce of Border-tide,
In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
With Kendal bow, and Gilsland brand,
And all your mercenary band,
Upon the bounds of fair Scotland?
My Ladye reads you swith return;
And, if but one poor straw you burn,
Or do our towers so much molest,
As scare one swallow from her nest,
St. Mary! but we'll light a brand,
Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland."

XXIII.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
But calmer Howard took the word: —
"May't please thy Dame, Sir Seneschal,
To seek the castle's outward wall;
Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show,
Both why we came, and when we go."
The message sped, the noble Dame
To the wall's outward circle came;
Each chief around leaned on his spear,
To see the pursuivant appear.
All in Lord Howard's livery dressed,
The lion argent decked his breast;
He led a boy of blooming hue —
O sight to meet a mother's view!
It was the heir of great Buccleuch.

374. **Gilsland.** A part of Cumberland.
377. **Swith.** Quickly.
387. **Pursuivant-at-arms.** An attendant on the heralds.
394. **The lion argent.** The badge of the Howards.

Obeisance meet the herald made,
And thus his master's will he said.

XXIV.

"It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords,
'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords;
But yet they may not tamely see,
All through the western wardenry,
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
And burn and spoil the Border-side;
And ill beseems your rank and birth
To make your towers a flemens-firth.
We claim from thee, William of Deloraine,
That he may suffer march-treason pain:
It was but last St. Cuthbert's even
He pricked to Stapleton on Leven,
Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,
And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
Then, since a lone and widowed Dame
These restless riders may not tame,
Either receive within thy towers
Two hundred of my master's powers,
Or straight they sound their warrison,
And storm and spoil thy garrison;
And this fair boy, to London led,
Shall good King Edward's page be bred."

407. **Flemens-firth.** Asylum for outlaws.

409. **March-treason.** The name given to various infringements of Border law; among others, making hostile incursions across the Border in time of peace.

412. **Harried.** Plundered.

418. **Warrison.** Note of assault.

XXV.

He ceased — and loud the boy did cry,
And stretched his little arms on high;
Implored for aid each well-known face,
And strove to seek the Dame's embrace.
A moment changed that Ladye's cheer,
Gushed to her eye the unbidden tear;
She gazed upon the leaders round,
And dark and sad each warrior frowned;
Then, deep within her sobbing breast
She locked the struggling sigh to rest;
Unaltered and collected stood,
And thus replied, in dauntless mood.

XXVI.

"Say to your Lords of high emprize,
Who war on woman and on boys,
That either William of Deloraine
Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain,
Or else he will the combat take
'Gainst Musgrave, for his honor's sake.
No knight in Cumberland so good,
But William may count with him kin and blood.
Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,
When English blood swelled Ancram ford;

434. **Emprize.** Enterprise.

437. **By oath.** In doubtful cases the innocence of Border criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath.

442. **Knighthood he took, etc.** The dignity of knighthood could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who was found to merit the honor of chivalry.

443. **Ancram ford.** A battle in which the Scotch defeated the English in 1544.

And but that Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
And bare him ably in the flight,
Himself had seen him dubbed a knight.
For the young heir of Branksome's line,
God be his aid, and God be mine;
Through me no friend shall meet his doom;
Here while I live, no foe finds room.
Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge.
Take our defiance loud and high;
Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge,
Our moat, the grave where they shall lie."

XXVII.

Proud she looked round, applause to claim —
Then lightened Thirlestane's eye of flame;
His bugle Watt of Harden blew;
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
To heaven the Border slogan rung,
"St. Mary for the young Buccleuch!"
The English war-cry answered wide,
And forward bent each southern spear;
Each Kendal archer made a stride,
And drew the bow-string to his ear:
Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown;
But, ere a gray-goose shaft had flown,
A horseman galloped from the rear.

444. **Wight.** Fleet.
453. **Lyke-wake dirge.** Dirge sung while watching a corpse.
458. **Pensils.** Little streamers, shaped like swallow-tails, attached to the lance of a knight.

XXVIII.

"Ah! noble Lords!" he, breathless, said,
"What treason has your march betrayed?
What make you here, from aid so far,
Before you walls, around you war?
Your foemen triumph in the thought,
That in the toils the lion's caught.
Already on dark Ruberslaw
The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw:
The lances, waving in his train,
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain,
And on the Liddel's northern strand,
To bar retreat to Cumberland,
Lord Maxwell ranks his merry-men good,
Beneath the eagle and the rood;
And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,
Have to proud Angus come;
And all the Merse and Lauderdale
Have risen with haughty Home.
An exile from Northumberland,
In Liddesdale I've wandered long;
But still my heart was with merry England,
And cannot brook my country's wrong,
And hard I've spurred all night to show
The mustering of the coming foe."

XXIX.

"And let them come!" fierce Dacre cried;
"For soon yon crest, my father's pride,

474. **Ruberslaw.** A mountain in Scotland, about half way between Branksome Castle and Melrose Abbey.

475. **Weapon-schaw.** The military array of a country, literally a showing of weapons.

That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
And waved in gales of Galilee,
From Branksome's highest towers displayed,
Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid! —
Level each harquebuss on row;
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;
Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry,
Dacre for England, win or die!"

XXX.

"Yet hear," quoth Howard, "calmly hear,
Nor deem my words the words of fear:
For who in field or foray slack
Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back?
But thus to risk our Border flower
In strife against a kingdom's power,
Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,
Certes, were desperate policy.
Nay, take the terms the Ladye made,
Ere conscious of the advancing aid:
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine
In single fight; and if he gain,
He gains for us; but if he's crossed,
'Tis but a single warrior lost:
The rest, retreating as they came,
Avoid defeat, and death, and shame."

XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
His brother-warden's sage rebuke;

505. **Blanche lion.** The cognizance of the Howards.

And yet his forward step he staid,
And slow and sullenly obeyed:
But ne'er again the Border side
Did these two lords in friendship ride;
And this slight discontent, men say,
Cost blood upon another day.

XXXII.

The pursuivant-at-arms again
Before the castle took his stand;
His trumpet called, with parleying strain,
The leaders of the Scottish band;
And he defied, in Musgrave's right,
Stout Deloraine to single fight;
A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
And thus the terms of fight he said: —
"If in the lists good Musgrave's sword
Vanquish the knight of Deloraine,
Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's lord,
Shall hostage for his clan remain:
If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
The boy his liberty shall have.
Howe'er it falls, the English band,
Unharming Scots, by Scots unharmed,
In peaceful march like men unarmed,
Shall straight retreat to Cumberland."

XXXIII.

Unconscious of the near relief,
The proffer pleased each Scottish chief,
Though much the Ladye sage gainsayed;
For though their hearts were brave and true,

From Jedwood's recent sack they knew
How tardy was the Regent's aid;
And you may guess the noble Dame
Durst not the secret prescience own,
Sprung from the art she might not name,
By which the coming help was known.
Closed was the compact, and agreed
That lists should be inclosed with speed
Beneath the castle on a lawn:
They fixed the morrow for the strife,
On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,
At the fourth hour from peep of dawn;
When Deloraine, from sickness freed,
Or else a champion in his stead,
Should for himself and chieftain stand,
Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

XXXIV.

I know right well, that, in their lay,
Full many minstrels sing and say,
Such combat should be made on horse,
On foaming steed, in full career,
With brand to aid, when as the spear
Should shiver in the course:
But he, the jovial Harper taught

548. **Jedwood.** The same as Jedburgh, Jedworth, or Jeddart. It was sacked and burned at least seven times during the international wars of this period.

551. **Prescience.** Knowledge of future events.

555. **Lists.** Field of combat.

568. **Brand.** Sword.

570. **The jovial Harper.** Rattling, roaring Willie, a noted border minstrel. He killed Sweet Milk, called the bard of Reull, in a duel, and was executed for the crime at Jedburg.

Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,
In guise which now I say:
He knew each ordinance and clause
Of black Lord Archibald's battle laws,
In the old Douglas' day.
He brooked not, he, that scoffing tongue
Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,
Or call his song untrue;
For this when they the goblet plied,
And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,
The bard of Reull he slew.
On Teviot's side, in fight they stood,
And tuneful hands were stained with blood;
Where still the thorn's white branches wave
Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

XXXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom,
That dragged my master to his tomb;
How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,
Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
And wrung their hands for love of him,
Who died at Jedwood Air?
He died! — his scholars, one by one,
To the cold silent grave are gone;
And I, alas! survive alone,
To muse o'er rivalries of yore,
And grieve that I shall hear no more
The strains, with envy heard before;
For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
My jealousy of song is dead.

588. **Ousenam's maidens**. Those who lived on the banks of the Ouse.

He paused: — the listening dames again
Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain;
With many a word of kindly cheer, —
In pity half, and half sincere, —
Marvelled the Duchess how so well
His legendary song could tell
Of ancient deeds, so long forgot;
Of feuds, whose memory was not;
Of forests, now laid waste and bare;
Of towers, which harbor now the hare;
Of manners, long since changed and gone;
Of chiefs, who under their gray stone
So long had slept, that fickle Fame
Had blotted from her rolls their name,
And twined round some new minion's head
The fading wreath for which they bled; —
In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse
Could call them from their marble hearse.

The Harper smiled, well pleased; for ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear:
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile;
E'en when in age their flame expires,
Her dulcet breath can fan its fires:
Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.

Smiled then, well-pleased, the Aged Man,
And thus his tale continued ran.

OUTLINE OF CANTO FIFTH.

The truce is scarcely concluded, when the martial bands that have come to the aid of Branksome are seen advancing. The seneschal goes out to meet them, tells them of the truce and the proposed combat, and begs them in the Lady's name, to accept the hospitality of Branksome Castle, and witness the encounter. The English are treated with like courtesy, and all feast together in the great hall of the castle till late in the night.

Fair Margaret soon retires from the revels, and seeks her chamber, but she can find no rest from anxious thoughts. At length after a troubled sleep, she wakes just as the day is dawning, and looking from her window, sees Lord Cranstoun in the court below. The goblin has disguised him as a knight from Hermitage, but no disguise can blind the eyes of Margaret. Soon he enters her bower. In the morning there is great dispute among the clansmen as to who has the best right to fight in place of the wounded Deloraine. Suddenly Deloraine himself appears in complete armor, and thus solves the difficulty. The combat is fierce but short, and Musgrave lies mortally wounded on the field. When all is over "a half-naked, ghastly man" rushes into the lists, and is known by all as the true Deloraine. The champion, who in Deloraine's armor has won the fight, is Lord Cranstoun. He leads the boy to his mother and kneels at her feet, but it is only after the intercession of the English lords, and also of her own clan, that the Lady deigns to notice him, forego the old feud, and consent to his betrothal to Fair Margaret. Before Deloraine leaves the field, he pronounces a long eulogy and lament over his fallen enemy.

Canto Fifth.

I.

Call it not vain: — they do not err,
Who say, that, when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

II.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear

Upon the gentle minstrel's bier:
The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the fields he heaped with dead;
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain:
The chief whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die:
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill;
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

III.

Scarcely the hot assault was staid,
The terms of truce were scarcely made,
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,
The advancing march of martial powers;
Thick clouds of dust afar appeared,
And trampling steeds were faintly heard;
Bright spears, above the columns dun,
Glanced momentary to the sun;
And feudal banners fair displayed
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

IV.

'Vails not to tell each hardy clan,
From the fair Middle Marches came;

The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name!
'Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburn
Their men in battle-order set;
And Swinton laid the lance in rest,
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet.
Nor lists, I say, what hundreds more,
From the rich Merse and Lammermore,
And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
Beneath the crest of old Dunbar,
And Hepburn's mingled banners come,
Down the steep mountain glittering far,
And shouting still, "A Home! a Home!"

V.

Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,
On many a courteous message went;
To every chief and lord they paid
Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid;
And told them, — how a truce was made,

51. **Bloody Heart.** Cognizance of the house of Douglas, assumed from the time of good Lord James Douglas, to whose keeping Robert Bruce committed his heart to be carried to the Holy Land.

54. **Seven Spears of Wedderburn.** The seven sons of Sir David Home of Wedderburn.

58. **Clarence Plantagenet.** At the battle of Bouge in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother of Henry V., was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton, who distinguished him from the other knights by a coronet set with precious stones which he wore around his helmet.

65. **A Home!** The Earls of Home were descendants of the Dunbars, ancient Earls of March. Their war-cry was "A Home! a Home!" The Hepburns, a powerful family of East Lothian, were usually in close alliance with them.

And how a day of fight was ta'en
'Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine;
And how the Ladye prayed them dear,
That all would stay the fight to see,
And deign, in love and courtesy,
To taste of Branksome cheer.
Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
Were England's noble Lords forgot;
Himself, the hoary Seneschal,
Rode forth, in seemly terms to call
Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
Accepted Howard, than whom knight
Was never dubbed, more bold in fight;
Nor, when from war and armor free,
More famed for stately courtesy:
But angry Dacre rather chose
In his pavilion to repose.

VI.

Now, noble Dame, perchance you ask
How these two hostile armies met!
Deeming it were no easy task
To keep the truce which here was set;
Where martial spirits, all on fire,
Breathed only blood and mortal ire.—
By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
By habit, and by nation, foes,
They met on Teviot's strand:
They met, and sate them mingled down,
Without a threat, without a frown,
As brothers meet in foreign land:
The hands, the spear that lately grasped,

Still in the mailed gauntlet clasped,
Were interchanged in greeting dear;
Visors were raised, and faces shown,
And many a friend, to friend made known,
Partook of social cheer.
Some drove the jolly bowl about;
With dice and draughts some chased the day;
And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry, and rout,
Pursued the foot-ball play.

VII.

Yet be it known, had bugles blown,
Or sign of war been seen;
Those bands, so fair together ranged,
Those hands, so frankly interchanged,
Had dyed with gore the green:
The merry shout by Teviot-side
Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,
And in the groan of death;
And whingers, now in friendship bare,
The social meal to part and share,
Had found a bloody sheath.
'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
Was not unfrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border-day;
But yet on Branksome's towers and town,
In peaceful merriment, sunk down
The sun's declining ray.

119. **Whingers.** A sort of knife or poniard.

VIII.

The blithesome signs of wassel gay
Decayed not with the dying day;
Soon through the latticed windows tall,
Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
Divided square by shafts of stone,
Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone;
Nor less the gilded rafters rang,
With merry harp and beakers' clang;
And frequent, on the darkening plain,
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
As bands, their stragglers to regain,
Give the shrill watchword of their clan;
And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim
Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name.

IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
At length the various clamors died;
And you might hear, from Branksome hill,
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide;
Save, when the changing sentinel
The challenge of his watch could tell;
And save, where, through the dark profound,
The clanging axe and hammer's sound
Rung from the nether lawn;
For many a busy hand toiled there,
Strong pales to shape, and beams to square,
The lists' dread barriers to prepare,
Against the morrow's dawn.

128. **Wassel.** Festivity. 135. **Beakers.** Drinking-glasses.

X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,
Despite the Dame's reproving eye,
Nor marked she, as she left her seat,
Full many a stifled sigh:
For many a noble warrior strove
To win the flower of Teviot's love,
And many a bold ally. —
With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,
In broken sleep she lay:
By times, from silken couch she rose;
While yet the bannered hosts repose,
She viewed the dawning day:
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the loveliest and the best.

XI.

She gazed upon the inner court,
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay;
Where coursers' clang, and stamp, and snort,
Had rung the livelong yesterday;
Now still as death; — till, stalking slow, —
The jingling spurs announced his tread, —
A stately warrior passed below;
But when he raised his plumed head —
Blessed Mary! can it be?
Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,
He walks through Branksome's hostile towers

179. **Ousenam's bowers.** The domain of Lord Cranstoun on the banks of the Ouse.

With fearless step and free.
She dare not sign, she dare not speak —
Oh! if one page's slumbers break,
His blood the price must pay!
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,
Shall buy his life a day.

XII.

Yet was his hazard small — for well
You may bethink you of the spell
Of that sly urchin Page;
This to his lord he did impart
And made him seem, by glamour art,
A knight from Hermitage.
Unchallenged, thus, the warder's post,
The court, unchallenged, thus he crossed,
For all the vassalage:
But, O! what magic's quaint disguise
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes!
She started from her seat;
While with surprise and fear she strove,
And both could scarcely master love —
Lord Henry's at her feet.

XIII.

Oft have I mused, what purpose bad
That foul malicious urchin had
To bring this meeting round;
For happy love's a heavenly sight,
And by a vile malignant sprite
In such no joy is found:

And oft I've deemed, perchance he thought
Their erring passion might have wrought
  Sorrow, and sin, and shame;
And death to Cranstoun's gallant Knight,
And to the gentle Ladye bright,
  Disgrace, and loss of fame.
But earthly spirit could not tell
The heart of them that loved so well;
True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
  It is not Fantasy's hot fire,
    Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
  It liveth not in fierce desire,
    With dead desire it doth not die:
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind. —
Now leave we Margaret and her Knight,
To tell you of the approaching fight.

XIV.

Their warning blast the bugles blew,
  The pipe's shrill port aroused each clan;
In haste, the deadly strife to view,
  The trooping warriors eager ran:
Thick round the lists their lances stood,
Like blasted pines in Ettrick wood;
To Branksome many a look they threw,
The combatants' approach to view,
And bandied many a word of boast,
About the knight each favored most.

XV.

Meantime full anxious was the Dame;
For now arose disputed claim,
Of who should fight for Deloraine,
'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestane:
They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,
And frowning brow on brow was bent;
But yet not long the strife — for, lo!
Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,
Strong, as it seemed, and free from pain,
In armor sheathed from top to toe,
Appeared, and craved the combat due.
The Dame her charm successful knew,
And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain,
The stately Ladye's silken rein
Did noble Howard hold;
Unarmed by her side he walked,
And much, in courteous phrase, they talked
Of feats of arms of old.
Costly his garb, his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With satin slashed, and lined;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined;
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,

259. **Buff.** A material so tough as to resist the blows of a sword.
264. **Bilboa blade.** A Spanish sword, so called because Bilboa in Spain was famous for its manufacture of fine steel.

Hung in a broad and studded belt;
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Called noble Howard, Belted Will.

XVII.

Behind Lord Howard and the Dame,
Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
Whose foot-cloth swept the ground;
White was her wimple, and her veil,
And her loose locks a chaplet pale
Of whitest roses bound;
The lordly Angus, by her side,
In courtesy to cheer her tried;
Without his aid, her hand in vain
Had strove to guide her broidered rein.
He deemed, she shuddered at the sight
Of warriors met for mortal fight;
But cause of terror, all unguessed,
Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
When, in their chairs of crimson placed,
The Dame and she the barriers graced.

XVIII.

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch,
An English knight led forth to view;
Scarce rued the boy his present plight,
So much he longed to see the fight.
Within the lists, in knightly pride,
High Home and haughty Dacre ride;
Their leading staffs of steel they wield,
As marshals of the mortal field:

271. **Wimple.** A plaited kerchief.

While to each knight their care assigned
Like vantage of the sun and wind.
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
In king and queen, and wardens' name,
That none, while lasts the strife,
Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,
Aid to a champion to afford,
On peril of his life;
And not a breath the silence broke,
Till thus the alternate heralds spoke:

XIX.

ENGLISH HERALD.

"Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
Good knight and true, and freely born,
Amends from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.
He sayeth, that William of Deloraine
Is traitor false by Border laws;
This with his sword he will maintain,
So help him God, and his good cause!"

XX.

SCOTTISH HERALD.

"Here standeth William of Deloraine,
Good knight and true, of noble strain,
Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain,
Since he bore arms, ne'er soiled his coat;
And that, so help him God above,

305. **Scathe.** Injury.

He will on Musgrave's body prove,
He lies most foully in his throat."

LORD DACRE.

"Forward, brave champions, to the fight!
Sound trumpets!"——

LORD HOME.

——"God defend the right!"
Then, Teviot! how thine echoes rang,
When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang
Let loose the martial foes,
And in mid list, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants did close.

XXI.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood poured down from many a wound;
For desperate was the strife, and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong.
But, were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight;
For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,
And scorned, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.

335. **Claymore.** A large, two-handed sword, used by the Highlanders of Scotland.

XXII.

'Tis done, 'tis done! that fatal blow
Has stretched him on the bloody plain;
He strives to rise — Brave Musgrave, no!
Thence never shalt thou rise again!
He chokes in blood — some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barred band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
And give him room for life to gasp! —
O, bootless aid! — haste, holy Friar,
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!
Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to heaven.

XXIII.

In haste the holy Friar sped; —
His naked foot was dyed with red,
As through the lists he ran;
Unmindful of the shouts on high,
That hailed the conqueror's victory,
He raised the dying man;
Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
As o'er him he kneeled down in prayer;
And still the crucifix on high
He holds before his darkening eye;
And still he bends an anxious ear,
His faltering penitence to hear;
Still props him from the bloody sod,
Still, even when soul and body part,

344. **Visor.** Armor which protects the face.
345. **Gorget.** Armor which protects the neck.

Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
And bids him trust in God!
Unheard he prays; — the death pang's o'er
Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
The silent victor stands;
His beaver did he not unclasp,
Marked not the shouts, felt not the grasp
Of gratulating hands.
When lo! strange cries of wild surprise,
Mingled with seeming terror, rise
Among the Scottish bands;
And all, amid the thronged array,
In panic haste gave open way
To a half-naked ghastly man,
Who downward from the castle ran;
He crossed the barriers at a bound,
And wild and haggard looked around,
As dizzy, and in pain;
And all, upon the armed ground,
Knew William of Deloraine!
Each ladye sprung from seat with speed;
Vaulted each marshal from his steed;
"And who art thou," they cried,
"Who hast this battle fought and won?"
His plumed helm was soon undone —
"Cranstoun of Teviotside!

372. **Beaver.** The mouthpiece of the helmet.

For this fair prize I've fought and won," –
And to the Ladye led her son.

XXV.

Full oft the rescued boy she kissed,
And often pressed him to her breast,
For, under all her dauntless show,
Her heart had throbbed at every blow;
Yet not Lord Cranstoun deigned she greet,
Though low he kneeled at her feet. —
Me lists not tell what words were made,
What Douglas, Home, and Howard said —
For Howard was a generous foe —
And how the clan united prayed,
The Ladye would the feud forego,
And deign to bless the nuptial hour
Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

XXVI.

She looked to river, looked to hill,
Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,
Then broke her silence stern and still, —
"Not you, but Fate, has vanquished me;
Their influence kindly stars may shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
For pride is quelled, and love is free."
She took fair Margaret by the hand,
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand,
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she.
"As I am true to thee and thine,

401. **Lists.** Desires.

Do thou be true to me and mine!
This clasp of love our bond shall be;
For this is your betrothing day,
And all these noble lords shall stay,
To grace it with their company."

XXVII.

All as they left the listed plain,
Much of the story she did gain:
How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,
And of his Page, and of the Book,
Which from the wounded knight he took;
And how he sought her castle high,
That morn, by help of gramarye;
How, in Sir William's armor dight,
Stolen by his Page, while slept the knight,
He took on him the single fight.
But half his tale he left unsaid,
And lingered till he joined the maid. —
Cared not the Ladye to betray
Her mystic arts in view of day;
But well she thought, ere midnight came,
Of that strange Page the pride to tame,
From his foul hands the Book to save,
And send it back to Michael's grave. —
Needs not to tell each tender word
'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord;
Nor how she told of former woes,
And how her bosom fell and rose,
While he and Musgrave bandied blows—
Needs not these lovers' joys to tell;
One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

XXVIII.

William of Deloraine, some chance
Had wakened from his deathlike trance;
And taught that, in the listed plain,
Another, in his arms and shield,
Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,
Under the name of Deloraine.
Hence, to the field, unarmed, he ran,
And hence his presence scared the clan,
Who held him for some fleeting wraith,
And not a man of blood and breath.
Not much this new ally he loved,
Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,
He greeted him right heartilie:
He would not waken old debate,
For he was void of rancorous hate,
Though rude, and scant of courtesy;
In raids he spilt but seldom blood,
Unless when men-at-arms withstood,
Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,
Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe:
And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now,
When on dead Musgrave he looked down;
Grief darkened on his rugged brow,
Though half disguised with a frown;
And thus, while sorrow bent his head,
His foeman's epitaph he made.

457. **Fleeting wraith.** Spectral apparition of a living person.

XXIX.

"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here!
I ween, my deadly enemy;
For if I slew thy brother dear,
Thou slewest a sister's son to me;
And when I lay in dungeon dark,
Of Naworth Castle, long months three,
Till ransomed for a thousand mark,
Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.
And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
And thou wert now alive, as I,
No mortal man should us divide,
Till one, or both of us, did die:
Yet, rest thee God! for well I know,
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
In all the northern counties here,
Whose word is, Snafle, spur, and spear,
Thou wert the best to follow gear.
'Twas pleasure, as we looked behind,
To see how thou the chase could wind,
Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray!
I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again."

XXX.

So mourned he, till Lord Dacre's band
Were bowning back to Cumberland.

491. **Snafle, spur, and spear.** The blazon of the Border marauders, living between the Ouse and Berwick.

495. **Blood-hound.** The Border marauders were often tracked by blood-hounds.

They raised brave Musgrave from the field,
And laid him on his bloody shield;
On levelled lances, four and four,
By turns, the noble burden bore:
Before, at times, upon the gale,
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail;
Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul:
Around, the horsemen slowly rode;
With trailing pikes the spearmen trod;
And thus the gallant knight they bore,
Through Liddesdale, to Leven's shore;
Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,
And laid him in his father's grave.

THE harp's wild notes, though hushed the song,
The mimic march of death prolong;
Now seems it far, and now a-near,
Now meets, and now eludes the ear;
Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep;
Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail,
Now the sad requiem loads the gale;
Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause they bade him tell,
Why he who touched the harp so well,
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous southern land
Would well requite his skilful hand.

The Aged Harper, howsoe'er
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it ranked so high
Above his flowing poesy;
Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
Misprized the land he loved so dear;
High was the sound, as thus again
The bard resumed his minstrel strain.

OUTLINE OF CANTO SIXTH.

This canto opens with the bard's invocation to Caledonia. Then we have a description of the betrothal and the feast which follows. Through all this merry-making, the goblin page never loses a chance for mischief, starts quarrels among the guests, and, not forgetting the grudge he bears to Watt Tinlinn, first enrages him by taunting jests, and then pierces his knee to the bone with his bodkin. At length the Lady, to quell the growing tumult, bids the minstrels "tune their lay," and their songs bring back harmony and good cheer. The guests do not mark the gathering gloom, till a strange horror creeps over them, and the elfin page falls to the ground muttering, "Found! found! found!" Then follows a peal of thunder and a vivid flash of lightning, and the elfin page is seen no more. In the glare of the lightning, some of the guests have seen an arm, and some the waving of a gown, but Deloraine is transfixed with terror, for he has seen the wizard Michael Scott, just as he had seen him in his grave at Melrose Abbey. The terrified company at first can scarcely speak; but at length Lord Angus breaks the fearful silence by vowing to make a pilgrimage for the rest of Michael's soul. Each of the company follows in turn, making a vow to his patron saint, to perform a pilgrimage for the repose of Michael Scott's soul. The noble Lady in dismay, renounces forever her magic arts. Then follows a description of the pilgrim train of knights with naked feet and sackcloth vest, with priest and taper and holy banner and solemn hymns for the dead, as they seek Melrose's holy shrine.

Here ends the story, but the minstrel is a wanderer no longer. Close beside Newark Castle he is given a humble home, where he loves to show hospitality to poor wanderers, and cheer all who pass his door with the songs of chivalry.

Canto Sixth.

I.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
  From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well.
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

II.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,

Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends, thy woods and streams were left,
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

III.

Not scorned like me! to Branksome Hall
The Minstrels came, at festive call;
Trooping they came, from near and far,
The jovial priests of mirth and war;
Alike for feast and fight prepared,
Battle and banquet both they shared.
Of late, before each martial clan,
They blew their death-note in the van,
But now, for every merry mate,
Rose the portcullis' iron grate;
They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
They dance, they revel, and they sing,
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

IV.

Me lists not at this tide declare
The splendor of a spousal rite,

46. **Portcullis.** A frame-work of timbers interlaced in the shape of a harrow, which could be lowered to close a gateway.

How mustered in the chapel fair
Both maid and matron, squire and knight;
Me lists not tell of owches rare,
Of mantles green, and braided hair,
And kirtles furred with miniver;
What plumage waved the altar round,
How spurs, and ringing chainlets, sound:
And hard it were for bard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek;
That lovely hue, which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise!

V.

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high
Chapel or altar came not nigh;
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,
So much she feared each holy place.
False slanders these: — I trust right well,
She wrought not by forbidden spell;
For mighty words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour:
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.
But this for faithful truth I say:
The Ladye by the altar stood,
Of sable velvet her array,
And on her head a crimson hood,
With pearls embroidered and entwined,
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined;
A merlin sat upon her wrist,
Held by a leash of silken twist.

54. **Owches.** Jewels. 56. **Miniver.** Ermine.
79. **Merlin.** Sparrow-hawk, often carried by ladies of rank.

VI.

The spousal rites were ended soon:
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,
And in the lofty arched hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival.
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,
Marshalled the rank of every guest;
Pages, with ready blade, were there,
The mighty meal to carve and share:
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train,
And o'er the boar-head, garnished brave,
And cygnet from St. Mary's wave:
O'er ptarmigan and venison,
The priest had spoke his benison.
Then rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within!
For from the lofty balcony,
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery;
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaffed,
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laughed;
Whispered young knights, in tone more mild,
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.
The hooded hawks, high perched on beam,
The clamor joined with whistling scream,
And flapped their wings, and shook their bells,
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.

91. **Boar-head.** The boar's head and the peacock were considered the appropriate dishes for occasions of ceremony in chivalrous times.

92. **Cygnet.** Swan. St. Mary's Lake, at the head waters of the Yarrow, was noted as a great resort for wild swans.

98. **Shalm.** An ancient wind instrument, somewhat like the clarionet.

Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
From Bordeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine;
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
And all is mirth and revelry.

VII.

The Goblin Page, omitting still
No opportunity of ill,
Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
To rouse debate and jealousy;
Till Conrad, lord of Wolfenstein,
By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
And now in humor highly crossed,
About some steeds his band had lost,
High words to words succeeding still,
Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill;
A hot and hardy Rutherford,
Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-Sword.
He took it on the Page's saye,
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
The kindling discord to compose:
Stern Rutherford right little said,
But bit his glove, and shook his head. —
A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
Stout Conrad, cold, and drenched in blood,
His bosom gored with many a wound,
Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found;
Unknown the manner of his death,

128. **Bit his glove.** To bite the thumb or the glove was considered a pledge of mortal vengeance.

132. **Lyme-dog.** A dog led by a band or string.

Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath;
But ever from that time, 'twas said
That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII.

The Dwarf, who feared his master's eye
Might his foul treachery espie,
Now sought the castle buttery,
Where many a yeoman, bold and free,
Revelled as merrily and well
As those that sat in lordly selle.
Watt Tinlinn, there, did frankly raise
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes;
And he, as by his breeding bound,
To Howard's merry-men sent it round.
To quit them, on the English side,
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,
"A deep carouse to yon fair bride!"
At every pledge, from vat and pail,
Foamed forth, in floods, the nut-brown ale;
While shout the riders every one,
Such day of mirth ne'er cheered their clan,
Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.

IX.

The wily Page, with vengeful thought,
Remembered him of Tinlinn's yew,

144. **Arthur Fire-the-Braes.** One of the Elliots of Liddesdale.

154. **Buccleuch.** This name was given to one of the early members of that family, by the king of Scotland, for his great skill in capturing, in a cleuch or valley, a buck that had distanced all the other hunters.

And swore, it should be dearly bought,
That ever he the arrow drew.
First, he the yeoman did molest,
With bitter gibe and taunting jest;
Told, how he fled at Solway strife,
And how Hob Armstrong cheered his wife.
Then, shunning still his powerful arm,
At unawares he wrought him harm;
From trencher stole his choicest cheer,
Dashed from his lips his can of beer,
Then, to his knee sly creeping on,
With bodkin pierced him to the bone:
The venomed wound, and festering joint,
Long after rued that bodkin's point.
The startled yeoman swore and spurned,
And board and flagons overturned;
Riot and clamor wild began;
Back to the hall the urchin ran;
Took in a darkling nook his post,
And grinned and muttered, "Lost! lost! lost!"

X.

By this, the Dame, lest further fray
Should mar the concord of the day,
Had bid the Minstrels tune their lay.
And first stept forth old Albert Græme,
The Minstrel of that ancient name:
Was none who struck the harp so well,
Within the land Debateable;
Well friended too, his hardy kin,

184. **Land Debateable.** Border land claimed by both England and Scotland.

Whoever lost, were sure to win;
They sought the beeves, that made their broth,
In Scotland and in England both.
In homely guise, as nature bade,
His simple song the Borderer said.

XI.

ALBERT GRÆME.

It was an English ladye bright,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall,
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and lee,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all!

XII.

That wine she had not tasted well,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;)
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all.

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall; —
So perish all, would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And died for her sake in Palestine,
So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers that faithful prove,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
Pray for their souls, who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all!

XIII.

As ended Albert's simple lay,
Arose a bard of loftier port;
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay,
Renowned in haughty Henry's court:
There rung thy harp, unrivalled long,
Fitztraver of the silver song.
The gentle Surrey loved his lyre —
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?
His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,
And his was love, exalted high
By all the glow of chivalry.

XIV.

They sought, together, climes afar,
And oft, within some olive grove,

When evening came, with twinkling star,
They sung of Surrey's absent love.
His step the Italian peasant staid,
And deemed, that spirits from on high,
Round where some hermit saint was laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody;
So sweet did heart and voice combine
To praise the name of Geraldine.

XV.

Fitztraver! O what tongue may say
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
When Surrey, of the deathless lay,
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew?
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp called wrath and vengeance down.
He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
Windsor's green glades, and courtly bowers,
And, faithful to his patron's name,
With Howard still Fitztraver came;
Lord William's foremost favorite he,
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI.

FITZTRAVER.

'Twas All-Souls' eve, and Surrey's heart beat high,
He heard the midnight-bell with anxious start,
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,

248. **Henry Howard**, Earl of Surrey, was beheaded on Tower Hill, 1546, by order of Henry VIII.

When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,
To show to him the ladye of his heart,
Albeit betwixt them roared the ocean grim;
Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
That he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of him.

XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the wizard led the gallant knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallowed taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might,
On cross, and character, and talisman,
And almagest, and altar, nothing bright:
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watch-light, by the bed of some departing man.

XVIII.

But soon, within that mirror, huge and high,
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;
And forms upon its breast the earl 'gan spy,
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,

260. **Wise Cornelius.** Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist. He is said to have shown to Surrey, by his magic art, a vision of his lady love, Geraldine.

272. **Almagest.** A celebrated ancient book containing problems in geometry and astrology, drawn up by Ptolemy.

Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

XIX.

Fair all the pageant — but how passing fair
The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind!
O'er her white bosom strayed her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;
All in her night-robe loose, she lay reclined,
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine
Some strain, that seemed her inmost soul to find: —
That favored strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form, the Ladye Geraldine.

XX.

Slow rolled the clouds upon the lovely form,
And swept the goodly vision all away —
So royal envy rolled the murky storm
O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay
On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
The gory bridal bed, the plundered shrine,
The murdered Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine.

XXI.

Both Scots, and Southern chiefs, prolong
Applauses of Fitztraver's song:

289. **Eburnine.** Ivory.

These hated Henry's name as death,
And those still held the ancient faith.—
Then, from his seat, with lofty air,
Rose Harold, bard of brave St. Clair;
St. Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
Had with that Lord to battle come.
Harold was born where restless seas
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades;
Where erst St. Clairs held princely sway,
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay;—
Still nods their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall!—
Thence oft he marked fierce Pentland rave,
As if grim Odin rode her wave;
And watched, the whilst, with visage pale,
And throbbing heart, the struggling sail;
For all of wonderful and wild
Had rapture for the lonely child.

XXII.

And much of wild and wonderful,
In these rude isles, might fancy cull;
For thither came, in times afar,
Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,
The Norsemen, trained to spoil and blood,
Skilled to prepare the raven's food;
Kings of the main their leaders brave,
Their barks the dragons of the wave.

315. **Kirkwall.** Built by the St. Clairs while Earls of Orkney; dismantled about 1615, on account of being garrisoned against the government.

316. **Pentland.** Pentland Firth.

329. **Dragons of the wave.** The Scandinavian Vikings, or Sea-rovers, often had a carved dragon for the figure-head of their ships.

And there, in many a stormy vale,
The Scald had told his wondrous tale;
And many a Runic column high
Had witnessed grim idolatry.
And thus had Harold, in his youth,
Learned many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curled,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world;
Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell
Maddens the battle's bloody swell;
Of chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
Ransacked the graves of warriors old,
Their falchions wrenched from corpses' hold,
Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,
And bade the dead arise to arms!
With war and wonder all on flame,
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
He learned a milder minstrelsy;
Yet something of the Northern spell
Mixed with the softer numbers well.

331. **Scald.** The bard of the Norsemen.

332. **Runic column.** Column with a Norse inscription.

336. **Sea-Snake.** The Midgard serpent that the Norsemen supposed encircled the world, holding his tail in his mouth.

338. **Dread Maids.** The three maidens, who, according to Norse mythology, were sent by Odin, the All-Father, to choose who were to die in battle.

342. **Ransacked the graves.** The Norse warriors were usually buried with their weapons. Many of these weapons were of great value, and tempted plunderers, who, as tradition runs, had fierce battles with the ghosts of the dead.

XXIII.

HAROLD.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell:
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

— "Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch:
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my Ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,

355. **Rosabelle.** This was a family name in the house of St. Clair.
358. **Castle Ravensheuch.** A castle belonging to the St. Clairs, on a steep crag overlooking the Firth of Forth.
361. **Inch.** Isle.

But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

XXIV.

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie;
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair —
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

376. **Roslin.** Roslin Castle, seven miles southeast of Edinburgh.

384. **Seemed all on fire.** Roslin chapel is said to appear on fire at the death of any of the St. Clairs.

387. **Iron panoply.** The Barons of Roslin, the St. Clairs, were buried in their armor in a vault beneath the chapel floor.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold —
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

XXV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
Scarce marked the guests the darkened hall,
Though, long before the sinking day,
A wondrous shade involved them all:
It was not eddying mist or fog,
Drained by the sun from fen or bog;
Of no eclipse had sages told;
And yet, as it came on apace,
Each one could scarce his neighbor's face,
Could scarce his own stretched hand, behold.
A secret horror checked the feast,
And chilled the soul of every guest;
Even the high Dame stood half aghast,
She knew some evil on the blast;
The elfish Page fell to the ground,
And, shuddering, muttered, "Found! found! found!"

XXVI.

Then sudden through the darkened air
A flash of lightning came;
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,

The castle seemed on flame;
Glanced every rafter of the hall,
Glanced every shield upon the wall;
Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,
Were instant seen, and instant gone;
Full through the guests' bedazzled band
Resistless flashed the levin-brand,
And filled the hall with smouldering smoke,
As on the elfish Page it broke.
It broke, with thunder long and loud,
Dismayed the brave, appalled the proud,
From sea to sea the larum rung;
On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,
To arms the startled warders sprung.
When ended was the dreadful roar,
The elvish Dwarf was seen no more!

XXVII.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
Some saw a sight not seen by all;
That dreadful voice was heard by some,
Cry, with loud summons, "GYLBIN, COME!"
And on the spot where burst the brand,
Just where the Page had flung him down,
Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
And some the waving of a gown.
The guests in silence prayed and shook,
And terror dimmed each lofty look:
But none of all the astonished train
Was so dismayed as Deloraine;

429. **Levin-brand.** Thunderbolt.

His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
'Twas feared his mind would ne'er return;
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him, of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.
At length, by fits, he darkly told,
With broken hint, and shuddering cold —
That he had seen right certainly,
A shape with amice wrapped around,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea;
And knew — but how, it mattered not —
It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

XXVIII.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
All trembling, heard the wondrous tale;
No sound was made, no word was spoke,
Till noble Angus silence broke;
And he a solemn sacred plight
Did to St. Bryde of Douglas make,
That he a pilgrimage would take
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
Of Michael's restless sprite.
Then each, to ease his troubled breast,
To some blessed saint his prayers addressed —
Some to St. Modan made their vows,
Some to St. Mary of the Lowes,

455. **Spectre-hound.** The Manthe Doog, a black spaniel, supposed to haunt Peel Castle in the Isle of Man.

469. **St. Bryde of Douglas.** The favorite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular.

Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,
Some to our Lady of the Isle;
Each did his patron witness make,
That he such pilgrimage would take.
And monks should sing, and bells should toll,
All for the weal of Michael's soul.
While vows were ta'en, and prayers were prayed,
'Tis said the noble Dame, dismayed,
Renounced, for aye, dark magic's aid.

XXIX.

Naught of the bridal will I tell,
Which after in short space befell;
Nor how brave sons and daughters fair
Blessed Teviot's Flower and Cranstoun's heir;
After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain
To wake the note of mirth again;
More meet it were to mark the day
Of penitence and prayer divine,
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
Sought Melrose' holy shrine.

XXX.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Did every pilgrim go;
The standers-by might hear uneath,
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
Through all the lengthened row:
No lordly look, no martial stride,

499. **Uneath.** Scarcely.

Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown;
Silent and slow, like ghosts, they glide
To the high altar's hallowed side,
And there they kneeled them down;
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave;
Beneath the lettered stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead;
From many a garnished niche around,
Stern saints, and tortured martyrs, frowned.

XXXI.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,
The holy Fathers, two and two,
In long procession came;
Taper, and host, and book they bare,
And holy banner, flourished fair
With the Redeemer's name:
Above the prostrate pilgrim band
The mitred Abbot stretched his hand,
And blessed them as they kneeled:
With holy cross he signed them all,
And prayed they might be sage in hall,
And fortunate in field.
Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells tolled out their mighty peal,
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close

The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burden of the song, —

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA,

While the pealing organ rung;
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay, so light and vain,
Thus the holy Fathers sung.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

HUSHED is the harp — the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No — close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;

A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begged before.
So passed the winter's day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark-heath;
When throstles sung in Harehead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

INDEX TO NOTES.

[The Numbers refer to Pages.]

Aill, 26.
Acton, 51.
Acre, 81.
A Home, 97.
Almagest, 127.
Almayne, 80.
Amice, 38.
Ancram, 86.
Anna, Duchess of Buccleuch, 8.
Arthur Fire-the-Braes, 122.
Aventayle, 31.

Baldric, 38.
Bale, 62.
Bandelier, 59.
Ban-dog, 57.
Barbican, 71.
Barded, 26.
Barnhill's Bed, 25.
Bartizan, 82.
Beacon, 61.
Beakers, 100.
Beaver, 109.
Bellenden, 78.
Belted Will Howard, 72.
Bethune, 18.
Better knee, 81.
Bilboa blade, 104.
Bill, 81.
Billhope, 71.
Bit his glove, 121.
Black-mail, 65.
Blanche Lion, 89.
Bloody Heart, 97.
Blood-hound, 113.
Boar-head, 120.
Book-bosomed priest, 52.
Book of Might, 38.
Bowne, 64.
Brand, 25.
Branksome Tower, 13.
Buccleuch, 122.
Buff, 104.
By oath, 86.

Cairn, 64.
Car, 16.
Carter, 41.
Castle Ravensheuch, 131.
Cheviot, 41.
Chief of Otterburn, 34.
Christian gore, 53.
Clarence Plantagenet, 97.
Claymore, 107.
Corbells, 34.
Cornelius, 127.
Corslet, 52.
Cowl, 38.
Cranstoun, 17.
Crescent and Star, 22.
Cresset, 62.
Crest, 50.
Culver, 82.
Cumberland, 23.
Curfew, 27.
Cushat-dove, 46.
Cygnet, 120.

David I, 30.
Dight, 15.
Dragons of the wave, 129.
Dread Maids, 130.
Drove my cows, 72.
Dumpenden Law, 64.
Dundee, 69.
Dunedin, 16.

Earn, 64.
Eburnine, 128.
Eildon hills, 36.
Eld, 44.
Emprize, 86.
Escalade, 81.
Eske, 22.

Fain, 45.
Falchion, 57.
Falcon, 82.
Fastern night, 72.
Fellest, 39.
Fence, 57.
Fleeting wraith, 112.
Flemen's firth, 85.
Fleur-de-lys, 34.
Flower of Yarrow, 74.
Foray, 32.
Francis Scott, 8.

Galliard, 75.
Gauntlet, 83.
Gilsland, 84.
Glaive, 82.
Glamour, 53.
Gorget, 108.
Gorse, 44.
Græme, 70.
Gramarye, 54.
Gramercy, 58.

Hackbuteer, 59.
Hag, 71.
Hairibee, 24.
Halidon, 27.
Harried, 85.
Hazeldean, 25.
His form no darkening shadow traced, 18.
Henry Howard, 126.
Heriot, 75.

Inch, 131.
Iron panoply, 132.
Irthing, 81.

Jack, 51.
James Douglas, 34.
Jedwood-axe, 15.
Jedwood, 91.
Jennet, 33.

Keep, 64.
Kerr, 16.
Kirkwall, 129.
Kirtle, 57.
Knighthood he took, 86.
Knight of Liddesdale, 34.
Knights of fame, 14.

Land Debateable, 123.
Leven, 81.
Leven-brand, 134.
Leven Clans, 65.
Liddel, 22.
Lion argent, 84.
Lists, 91, 110.
Litherlie, 45.
Lord Walter, 15.
Lothian, 64.
Lurcher, 55.
Lyke-wake, 87.
Lyme-dog, 121.

March-man, 27.
March treason, 85.
Melrose, 23.
Mercenaries, 81.

Merlin, 119.
Michael Scott, 35.
Mickle, 79.
Midnight lauds, 27.
Mighty dead, 23.
Miniver, 119.
Minto's crags, 25.
Moat-hill mound, 24.
Morion, 71.
Morsing-horns, 81.
Moss-troopers, 21.
Mot, 54.
Mount for Branksome, 62.
Murdieston, 74.
Mutual pilgrimage, 16.

Need-fire, 63.
No darkening shadow, 18.
Notre Dame, 36.

Oriel, 34.
Ousenam, 92, 101.
Owches, 119.

Padua, 18.
Partisan, 82.
Paynim, 35.
Peel, 24.
Pen, 61.
Pensils, 87.
Pentland, 129.
Percy's best blood-hounds, 22.
Portcullis, 118.
Prescience, 91.
Pursuivant, 84.

Quatre-feuille, 34.

Ransacked the graves, 130.
Roman way, 25.
Rosabelle, 131.
Roslin, 132.
Ruberslaw, 88.
Runic column, 130.
Rushy floor, 13.

Salamanca, 35.
Salved the splinter, 60.
Scald, 130.
Scathe, 106.
Scaur, 18.
Scottish Monarch, 35.
Sea-Snake, 130.
Seemed all on fire, 132.
Seething pitch, 83.
Seignory, 75.
Seneschal, 62.
Serf, 71.
Seven spears of Wedderburn, 97.
Shalm, 120.
Sheaf, 57.
Sheeling, 53.
Slogan, 16.
Snafle, spur, and spear, 113.
Soltra, 64.
Souls' repose, 31.
Spectre-hound, 135.
Spell, 55.
St. Bryde of Douglas, 135.
Swith, 84.

Tarn, 64.
Tire, 59.
The jovial Harper, 91.
Thirlestane, 73.
Threatened Branksome's lordly towers, 15.
To gain his spurs, 82.
Train, 54.
Trysting-place, 45.
Twanged the yew, 71.
Tynedale men, 65.
Tynedale snatchers, 70.

Uneath, 136.
Unicorn, 22.

Visor, 108.

Walter Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, 8, 15.
Walter Scott of Harden, 74.
Warden raid, 71.
Wardens, 59.
Warder, 62.
Warrison, 85.
Wassel, 100.
Weapon-schaw, 88.
Ween, 43.
Whingers, 99.
Wight, 87.
William of Deloraine, 22.
Wimple, 105.

ADVERTISEMENTS

CLASSICS FOR CHILDREN

Choice Literature; Judicious Notes; Large Type; Firm Binding; Low Prices.

For the prices and bibliographies of these books, see our Catalogue of School and College Text-Books.

Aesop's Fables.
Andersen's Fairy Tales. No. 1.
Andersen's Fairy Tales. No. 2.
Arabian Nights.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.
Burt's Stories from Plato.
Cervantes' Don Quixote.
Chamisso's Peter Schlemihl.
Chesterfield's Letters.
Church's Stories of the Old World.
Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.
Dickens' Tale of Two Cities.
Epictetus.
Fiske-Irving's Washington.
Fouqué's Undine.
Francillon's Gods and Heroes.
Franklin: His Life by Himself.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
Grimm's Fairy Tales, Part I.
Grimm's Fairy Tales, Part II.
Grote and Ségur's Two Great Retreats.
Hatim Taï.
Heroic Ballads.
Hughes' Tom Brown at Rugby.
Hugo's Jean Valjean.
Irving's Alhambra.
Irving's Sketch-Book. (6 Selec.)
Jefferies' Sir Bevis.
Johnson's Rasselas.
Kingsley's Greek Heroes.
Kingsley's Water-Babies.
Lamb's Adventures of Ulysses.
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.
Litchfield's Nine Worlds.
Marcus Aurelius.
Martineau's Peasant and the Prince.
Plutarch's Lives.
Ramée's Bimbi.
Ruskin's King of the Golden River.
Ruskin, Selections from.
Saintine's Picciola.
Scott's Guy Mannering.
Ivanhoe.
Lady of the Lake.
Lay of the Last Minstrel.
Marmion.
Old Mortality.
Quentin Durward.
Rob Roy.
Tales of a Grandfather.
Talisman.
Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.
Southey's Life of Nelson.
Spyri's Heidi.
A Little Swiss Girl's City and Mountain Life.
Swift's Gulliver's Travels.
White's Selborne.
Williams and Foster's Selections for Memorizing.
Wyss' Swiss Family Robinson.

GINN & COMPANY, Publishers,

Boston. New York. Chicago. San Francisco.
Atlanta. Dallas. Columbus. London.

GAYLEY'S CLASSIC MYTHS

THE CLASSIC MYTHS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Based chiefly on Bulfinch's "Age of Fable" (1855). Accompanied by an Interpretative and Illustrative Commentary.

EDITED BY

CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY,

Professor of the English Language and Literature in the University of California.

12mo. Half leather. 540 pages. Fully illustrated, together with 16 full-page illustrations. For introduction, $1.50.

ATTENTION is called to these special features of this book:

An introduction on the indebtedness of English poetry to the literature of fable; and on methods of teaching mythology.

An elementary account of myth-making and of the principal poets of mythology, and of the beginnings of the world, of gods and of men among the Greeks.

A thorough revision and systematization of Bulfinch's Stories of Gods and Heroes: with additional stories, and with selections from English poems based upon the myths.

Illustrative cuts from Baumeister, Roscher, and other standard authorities on mythology.

Certain necessary modifications in Bulfinch's treatment of the mythology of nations other than the Greek and Roman.

Notes, following the text (as in the school editions of Latin and Greek authors), containing an historical and interpretative commentary upon certain myths, supplementary poetical citations, a list of the better known allusions to mythological fiction, references to works of art, and hints to teachers and students.

GINN & COMPANY, Publishers,

Boston. New York. Chicago. Atlanta. Dallas.

HUDSON'S SHAKESPEARE

For School and Home Use.

By HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.,

Author of "The Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare,"
Editor of "The Harvard Shakespeare," etc.

Revised and enlarged Editions of twenty-three Plays. Carefully expurgated, with explanatory Notes at the bottom of the page, and critical Notes at the end of each volume. One play in each volume.

Square 16mo. Varying in size from 128 to 253 pages. Mailing price of each: cloth, 50 cents; paper, 35 cents. Introduction price, cloth, 45 cents; paper, 30 cents. Per set (in box), $10.00.

Why is Hudson's Shakespeare the standard in a majority of the best schools where the greatest attention is paid to this subject? Because Dr. Hudson was the ablest Shakespearean scholar America has ever known. His introductions to the plays of Shakespeare are well worth the price of the volume. He makes the characters almost living flesh and blood, and creates a great interest on the part of the student and a love for Shakespeare's works, without which no special progress can be made. Whoever can command the interest of the pupil in a great author or his works is the person who renders the greatest service.

The list of plays in Hudson's School Shakespeare is as follows:

A Midsummer Night's Dream.
The Merchant of Venice.
Much Ado about Nothing.
As You Like It.
The Tempest.
King John.
Richard the Second.
Richard the Third.
Henry the Fourth, Part I.
Henry the Fourth, Part II.
Henry the Fifth.
Henry the Eighth.
Romeo and Juliet.
Julius Cæsar.
Hamlet.
King Lear.
Macbeth.
Antony and Cleopatra.
Othello.
Cymbeline.
Coriolanus.
Twelfth Night.
The Winter's Tale.

C. T. Winchester, *Professor of English Literature, Wesleyan University:* The notes and comments in the school edition are admirably fitted to the need of the student, removing his difficulties by stimulating his interest and quickening his perception.

Hiram Corson, *Professor of English Literature, Cornell University:* I consider them altogether excellent. The notes give all the aid needed for an understanding of the text, without waste and distraction of the student's mind. The introductory matter to the several plays is especially worthy of approbation.

We invite correspondence with all who are interested in the study of Shakespeare in the class-room.

GINN & COMPANY, Publishers,

Boston. New York. Chicago. Atlanta. Dallas.

THE MOTHER TONGUE

By GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE, *Professor of English in Harvard University*, and SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD, *Supervisor of Schools, Boston.*

BOOK I. Lessons in Speaking, Reading, and Writing English. 12mo. Cloth. 320 pages. Illustrated. For introduction, 45 cents.

BOOK II. An Elementary English Grammar. 12mo. Cloth. 331 pages. For introduction, 60 cents.

THESE two text-books are intended to furnish a continuous and complete course in English for grammar schools.

Book I. is devoted largely to language work, with emphasis on the fundamental principles which govern correct speaking, reading, and writing of English. It is also an introduction to the study of grammar, which is taken up in the second book. Choice selections of the best literature adapted to children are chosen as the basis of the language study. The entire series is based on the *cumulative* plan of acquiring information. Difficult points are not introduced in a diluted form early in the course, but are postponed to their proper positions and there treated clearly, fully, and emphatically.

Book II. is an elementary English grammar. The arrangement of the material is natural. The pupil feels himself advancing by careful yet certain steps, and perceives the reasons for things in a way that is quite impossible in the mechanical arrangement of many English grammars. It is believed that the subject will prove far less discouraging to young pupils when presented in this natural manner.

Taken together, the books form a definite and logical course. They assume a certain amount of intelligence on the part of the pupil and appeal to his reason instead of asking him to learn grammatical facts by rote.

The names of the authors are a guarantee, not merely of the scholarly character of the series, but of its careful adjustment to the actual needs and conditions of American schools.

GINN & COMPANY, Publishers,

Boston. New York. Chicago. San Francisco.
Atlanta. Dallas. Columbus. London.

STICKNEY'S READERS

By J. H. STICKNEY.

A series of attractive, well-graded, and thoroughly tested reading books, combining in an unusual degree exceptional literary merit and marked originality with the most rational and practical methods.

A FIRST READER. 104 pages. Illustrated. 24 cents.
A SECOND READER. 198 pages. Illustrated. 32 cents.
A THIRD READER. 248 pages. Illustrated. 40 cents.
A FOURTH READER. Half leather. 362 pages. Illustrated. 50 cents.
AN ALTERNATE FOURTH READER. Half leather. 374 pages. Illustrated. 50 cents.
A FIFTH READER. Half leather. 356 pages. Illustrated. 60 cents.

AUXILIARY READERS.

FIRST WEEKS AT SCHOOL. Occupation, Recreation, and Instruction. By J. H. Stickney and S. C. Peabody. Profusely illustrated. 48 pages, including 8 full-page colored pictures. Flexible covers. 12 cents.
The CLASSIC PRIMER. 94 pages. Illustrated. Boards. 20 cents.

The Stickney Readers are based on the right idea of what a reading book should be. They secure the best results at the least expense of time and effort. It is their distinct aim to inculcate a love of reading, and so give not only the key to all knowledge, but the desire to use it. They are the fruit of many years of most successful experience, and, while original in many features, are always rational and practical.

O. T. Bright, *Superintendent of Cook County Schools, Chicago:* They are well graded; the reading matter is of great interest, and has real merit as literature; the amount of reading will delight the hearts of teachers and children; the suggestions to teachers are excellent.

A. R. Sabin, *Assistant Superintendent of Schools, Chicago, Ill.:* They have found favor with our teachers and pupils from the first. To me the books seem to be just what the gifted author intended them to be,—as natural and beautiful as childhood itself. They deserve the greatest success.

F. F. Murdock, *State Normal School, North Adams, Mass.:* I have used the Fifth Reader with great satisfaction and success in my class work. It seems to me to have in a marked degree the power of stimulating the mind to keen appreciation of and desire for the noble and beautiful in man and nature. Such is its effect in my work.

A. H. Fetterolf, *President of Girard College, Philadelphia, Pa.:* Stickney's Readers are in use in this institution, and are affording entire satisfaction. They are meeting a long-felt want.

GINN & COMPANY, Publishers,

Boston. New York. Chicago. San Francisco.
Atlanta. Dallas. Columbus. London.

OPEN SESAME!

About One Thousand Pieces of the Choicest Prose and Verse.

Compiled by

BLANCHE WILDER BELLAMY,
and
MAUD WILDER GOODWIN.

Volume I. for children from four to ten years old.
Volume II. for children from ten to fourteen years old.
Volume III. for children of a larger growth.

Sq. 12mo. Illustrated. For introduction, cloth, 75 cents each; boards, 50 cents each.

No Eastern romancer ever dreamed of such a treasure-house as our English literature. With this "Open Sesame" in his possession, a boy or girl has only to enter and make its wealth his own. Every piece is believed to be worth carrying away in the memory. The best writings of our classic authors are here, with selections from recent literature and not a few translations.

These books are distinguished for their comprehensiveness, the care and skill with which the work has been done, the gradation of the pieces, their topical arrangement, and the mechanical excellence of the volumes, — clear, large type, fine illustrations, and handsome binding.

GINN & COMPANY Publishers

Boston New York Chicago San Francisco
Atlanta Dallas Columbus London

21455

DISCARD

REGIONAL PUBLIC
LIBRARY
NEWTOWN, PA.

T4-AKE-902